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Roxburghe-Club
Publications

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John Littledale

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MAGNYFYCENCE;

AN

INTERLUDE.

BY

JOHN SKELTON,

POET LAUREAT TO HENRY VIII.

LONDON:

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1821.

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TO THE

PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS

OF

The Roxburghe Club,

THIS INTERLUDE

OF

MAGNYFYCENCE,

BY

JOHN SKELTON,

IS DEDICATED AND PRESENTED

BY THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JOSEPH LITTLEDALE.

JUNE 17, 1821.

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THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.
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THE following Interlude of MAGNYFYCENCE, by SKELTON, is re-printed from a Copy in small Folio in the Library of the British Museum, with the exception of the Title and the following Page, which, being in Manuscript, have been supplied by a Transcript made from a Copy in the Public Library at Cambridge.

This edition of MAGNYFYCENCE has neither Date nor Printer's Name. But in a Manuscript Note by Stevens, in the Copy at the British Museum, it is said to be printed by John Rastell. In Dibdin's Edition of Ames, Vol. III. page 106, it is also described amongst the Books printed by John Rastell, in folio. Warton, in his History of English Poetry, Vol. II. page 336, says, that SKELTON's MAGNYFYCENCE was printed by Rastell, in 1533, in quarto. Ritson, in his Bibliographia Poetica, page 106, says it was printed by John Rastell. There is also an account of the Interlude of MAGNYFYCENCE in Jones's Biographia Dramatica, Vol. III. page 6.

Skelton, in his Crowne of Lawrell, mentions MAGNYFYCENCE as one of his "bokes and balades with dities of pleasure."

¶ Magnyfycence,

¶ A goodly interlude and a mery deuysed and made by mayster Skelton poet laureate late deceasyd.'.

¶ FELICITE.

All thyngys contryuyd by mannys reason
The world enuyrōnyd of hygh and low estate
Be it erly or late welth hath a season
Welth is of wysdome ye very trewe probate
A fole is he with welth y^t^ fallyth at debate
But men nowe a dayes so vnhappely be bryd
That nothynge than welth may worse be endurȳd
To tell you the cause me semeth it no nede
The amense therof is far to call agayne
For when men by welth they haue lytyll drede
Of that may come after experyence trewe and playne
Howe after a drought there fallyth a showre of rayne
And after a hete oft cometh a stormy colde
A man may haue welthe but not as he wolde
Ay to contynewe and styll to endure
But yf prudence be proued with sad cyrcumspeccyon
Welthe myght be wonne and made to the lure
If noblenesse were aquayntyd with sober dyreccyon
But wyll hath reason so vnder subiecyon
And so dysordereth this worlde ouerall
That welthe and felicite is passynge small
But where wonnys welthe and a man wolde wyt
For welthfull felicite truly is my name

Lyberte. ¶ Mary welth and I was apoynted to mete
And eyther I am dysseyued or ye be the same

Felycyte. ¶ Syr as ye say I haue harde of your fame
Your name is lyberte as I vnderstande

Lyberte. ¶ Trewe you say syr gyue me your hande

Felycyte. ¶ And from whens come ye and it myghte be askyd

Lyberte. ¶ To tell you syr I dare not leest I sholde be maskyd
In a payre of fetters or a payre of stockys

Felycyte. ¶ Here you not howe this gentylman mockys

Lyberte. ¶ Ye to knackynge ernyst what and it preue

Felycyte. ¶ Why to say what he wyll lyberte hath leue

Lyberte. ¶ Yet lyberte hath ben lockyd vp and kept in the mew

Felycyte. ¶ In dede syr that lyberte was not worthe a cue
Howe be it lyberte may somtyme be to large
But yf reason be regent and ruler of your barge

Lyberte. ¶ To that ye say I can well condyssende
Shewe forth I pray you here in what you intende

Felycyte. ¶ Of that I intende to make demonstracyon
It askyth lesure with good aduertysment
Fyrst I say we ought to haue in consyderacyon
That lyberte be lynkyd with the chayne of cōtenaūce
Lyberte to let from all maner offence

For lyberte at large is lothe to be stoppyd
But with countenaunce your corage must be croppyd

Lyberte. ¶ Then thus to you

Felycyte. ¶ Nay sufferme yet ferther to say
And peraduenture I shall content your mynde
Lyberte I wote well forbere no man there may
It is so swete in all maner of kynde
Howe be it lyberte makyth many a man blynde
By lyberte is done many a great excesse
Lyberte at large wyll oft wax reklesse
Perceyue ye this parcell

Lyberte. ¶ Ye syr passyng well
But and you wolde me permyt
To shewe parte of my wyt
Somwhat I coulde enferre
Your consayte to debarre
Under supportacyon
Of pacyent tolleracyon

Felycyte. ¶ God forbyd ye sholde be let
Your reasons forth to fet
Wherfore at lyberte
Say what ye wyll to me

Lyberte. ¶ Brefly to touche of my purpose the effecte
Lyberte is laudable and pryuylegyd from lawe
Judycyall rygoure shall not me correcte

Felycyte. ¶ Softe my frende / herein your reason is but rawe

Lyberte. ¶ Yet sufferme to say the surpluse of my sawe
What wote ye where vpon I wyll conclude
I say there is no welthe where as lyberte is subdude
I trowe ye can not say nay moche to this
To lyue under lawe it is captyuyte
Where drede ledyth ye daunce there is no Joy nor blysse
Or howe can you proue that there is felycyte
And you haue not your owne fre lyberte
To sporte at your pleasure to ryn and to ryde
Where lyberte is absent set welthe asyde

¶ Hic intrat Measure.

Measure. ¶ Cryst you assyste in your altrycacyon

Felycyte. ¶ Why haue you harde of our dysputacyon

Measure. ¶ I parceyue well howe eche of you doth reason

Lyberte. ¶ Mayster measure you be come in good season

Measure. ¶ And it is no wonder that your wylde insolence
Can be content with measure presence

Felycyte. ¶ Wolde it please you then

Lyberte. ¶ Us to informe and ken

Measure. ¶ A ye be wonders men

Your langage is lyke the penne.
Of hym that wryteth to fast

Felycyte. ¶ Syr yf any worde have past
Me other fyrst or last
To you J arecte it and cast
Therof the reformacyon

Lyberte. ¶ And J of the same facyon.
Howe be it by protestacyon
Dyspleasure that you none take.
Some reason we must make.

Measure. ¶ That wyll not J forsake
So it in measure be.
Come of therfore let se
Shall J begynne or ye

Felycyte. ¶ Nay ye shall begynne by my wyll
Lyberte. ¶ It is reason and skyll
We your pleasure fulfyll

Measure. ¶ Then ye must bothe consent
You to holde content
With myne argument.
And J muste you requyre
Me pacyently to here

Felycyte. ¶ Yes syr with ryght good chere.
Lyberte. ¶ With all my herte intere
Measure. ¶ Oracius to recorde in his volumys olde
With euery condycyon measure must be sought
Welthe without measure wolde bere hymselfe to bolde
Lyberte w[t]out measure proue a thynge of nought
J ponder by nō̄ber by measure all thynge is wrought.
As at the fyrst orygynall by godly oppynyon
Whych prouyth well that measure shold haue domynyō̄.
Where measure is mayster plenty dothe none offence
Where measure lackyth all thynge dysorderyd is
Where measure is absent ryot kepeth resydence
Where measure is ruler there is nothynge a mysse
Measure is treasure / howe say ye is it not this

Felycyte. ¶ Yes questyonlesse in myne oppynyon
Measure is worthy to haue domynyon

Lyberte. ¶ Unto that same J am ryght well agrede.
So that lyberte be not lefte behynde

Measure. ¶ Ye lyberte with measure nede neuer drede
Lyberte. ¶ What lyberte to measure then wolde ye bynde.
Measure. ¶ What ellys / for otherwyse it were agaynst kynde
Jf lyberte sholde lepe and renne where he lyst
Jt were no vertue / it were a thynge unblyst
Jt were a myschefe yf lyberte lacked a reyne.

Where with to rule hym with the wrythyng of a rest
All trebyllys and tenours be rulyd by a meyne
Lyberte without measure is acountyd for a beste
There is no surfet where measure rulyth the feste
There is no excesse where measure hath his helthe
Measure contynwyth prosperyte and welthe

Felycyte. ¶ Unto your rule J wyll annex my mynde
Lyberte. ¶ So wolde J / but J wolde be lothe
That wonte was to be formyst now to come behynde
It were a shame / to god J make an othe
Without J myght cut it out of the brode clothe
As J was wonte euer at my fre wyll

Measure. ¶ But haue ye not herde say / that wyll is no skyll
Take sad dyrecyon and leue this wantonnesse

Lyberte. ¶ Jt it no maystery

Felycyte. ¶ Tushe let measure procede
And after his mynde herdely your selfe adresse
For without measure poverte and nede
Wyll crepe upon vs / and vs to myschefe lede
For myschefe wyll mayster vs / yf measure vs forsake

Lyberte. ¶ Well J am content your wayes to take

Measure. ¶ Surely J am Joyous that ye be mynded thus
Magnyfycence to mayntayne your promosyon shalbe

Felycyte. ¶ So in his harte he may be glad of vs

Lyberte. ¶ There is no prynce but he hath nede of vs thre
Welthe with measure and plesaunt lyberte

Measure. ¶ Nowe pleasyth you a lytell whyle to stande
Me semeth magnyfycence is compynge here at hande

¶ Hic intrat magnyfycence

Magnyfycence ¶ To assure you of my noble porte and fame
Who lyst to knowe magnyfycence J hyght
But measure my frende what hyght this mannys name

Measure. ¶ Syr though ye be a noble prynce of myght
Yet in this man you must set your delyght
And syr this other mannys name is lyberte

Magnyfycence ¶ Welcome frendys ye are bothe unto me
But nowe let me knowe of your conuersacyon

Felycyte. ¶ Pleasyth your grace felycyte they me call

Lyberte. ¶ And J am lyberte made of in euery nacyon

Magnyfycence ¶ Conuenyent persons for any prynce ryall
Welthe with lyberte with me bothe dwell ye shall
To the gydynge of my measure you bothe cōmyttynge
That measure be mayster / us semeth it is fyttynge

Measure. ¶ Where as ye haue syr to me them assygned
Suche order I trust with them for to take
So that welthe with measure shalbe conbyned
And lyberte his large with measure shall make

Felycyte. ¶ Your ordenaunce syr I wyll not forsake

Lyberte. ¶ And I my selfe hooly to you wyll inclyne

Magnyfycence ¶ Then may I say that ye be seruauntys myne
For by measure I warne you we thynke to be gydyd
Wherin it is necessary my yleasure you knowe
Measure and I wyll never be dyuyded
For no dyscorde that any man can sawe
For measure is a meane nother to hy nor to lawe
In whose attemperaunce I haue suche delyght
That measure shall neuer departe from my syght

Felycyte. ¶ Laudable your consayte is to be acountyd
For welthe without measure sodenly wyll slyde

Lyberte. ¶ As your grace full nobly hath recountyd
Measure with noblenesse sholde be alyde

Magnyfycence ¶ Then lyberte se that measure be your gyde
For I wyll vse you by his aduertysment

Felycyte. ¶ Then shall you haue with you prosperyte resydent

Measure. ¶ I trowe good fortune hath annexed vs together
To se howe greable we are of one mynde
There is no flaterer nor losyll so lyther
This lynkyd chayne of loue that can vnbynde
Nowe that ye haue me chefe ruler assyngned
I wyll endeuour me to order euery thynge
Your noblenesse and honour consernynge

Lyberte. ¶ In Joy and myrthe your mynde shalbe inlargyd
And not embracyd with pusyllanymyte
But plenarly all thought from you must be dyschargyd
If ye lyst to lyue after your fre lyberte
All delectacyons aquayntyd is with me
By me all persons worke what they lyste

Measure. ¶ Hem / syr yet beware of had I wyste
Lyberte in some cause becomyth a gentyll mynde
Bycause course of measure yf I be in the way
Who countyd without me is caste to fer behynde
Of his rekenynge as euydently we may
So at our eye the worlde day by day
For defaute of measure all thynge doth excede

Felycyte. ¶ All that ye say is as trewe as the crede
For howe be it lyberte to welthe is conuenyent
And from felycyte may not be forborne
Yet measure hath ben so longe from vs absent
That all men laugh at lyberte to scorne

Welth and wyt I say be so threde bare worne
That all is without measure and fer beyonde the mone
Magnyfycence ¶ Then noblenesse I se well is almoste vndone
But yf therof the soner amendys be made
For dowtlesse I parceyue my magnyfycẽce
Without measure lyghtly may fade
Of to moche lyberte vnder the offence
Wherfore measure take lyberte with you hence
And rule hym after the rule of your scole
Lyberte. ¶ What syr wolde ye make me a poppynge fole
Measure. ¶ Why were not your selfe agreed to the same
And now wolde ye swarue from your owne ordynaũce
Lyberte. ¶ I wolde be rulyd and I myght for shame
Felycyte. ¶ A ye make me laughe at your inconstaunce
Magnyfycence ¶ Syr without any longer delyaunce
Take lyberte to rule and folowe myne entent
Measure. ¶ It shalbe done at your commaundement
¶ Itaq; measure exeat locũ cum lybertate et maneat magnyfycence cũ felicitate.
Magnyfycence ¶ It is a wanton thynge this lyberte
Perceyue you not howe lothe he was to abyde
The rule of measure not withstandynge we
Haue deputyd measure hym to gyde
By measure eche thynge duly is tryde
Thynke you not thus my frende felycyte
Felycyte. ¶ God forbede that it other wyse sholde be
Magnyfycence ¶ Ye coulde not ellys I wote with me endure
Felycyte. ¶ Endure? no god wote it were great payne
But yf I were orderyd by Just measure
It were not possyble me longe to retayne
¶ Hic intrat Fansy.
Fansy. ¶ Tusche holde your pece your langage is vayne
Please it your grace to take no dysdayne
To shewe you playnly the trouth as I thynke
Magnyfycence ¶ Here is none forsyth whether you flete or synke
Felycyte. ¶ From whens come you syr that no man lokyd after
Magnyfycence ¶ Or who made you so bolde to interrupe my tale
Fansy. ¶ Nowe benedicite ye wene I were some hafter
Or ellys some Jangelynge Jacke of the vale
Ye wene that I am dronken bycause I loke pale
Magnyfycence ¶ Me semeth yᵗ ye haue dronken more thã ye haue bled
Fansy. ¶ Yet amonge noble men I was brought vp and bred
Felycyte. ¶ Nowe leue this Jangelynge and to us expounde
Why that ye sayd our langage was in vayne
Fansy. ¶ Mary upon trouth my reason I grounde
That without largesse noblenesse can not rayne

And that I sayd ones / yet I say agayne
I say without largesse worshyp hath no place
For largesse is a purchaser of pardon and of grace

Magnyfycence ¶ Nowe I beseche the tell me what is thy name
Fansy ¶ Largesse that all lordes sholde loue syr I hyght
Felycyte. ¶ But hyght you largesse encreace of noble fame
Fansy ¶ Ye syr vndoubted
Felycyte. ¶ Then of very ryght
With magnyfycence this noble prynce of myght
Sholde be your dwellynge in my consyderacyon
Magnyfycence ¶ Yet we wyll therin take good delyberacyon
Fansy ¶ As in that I wyll not be agaynst your pleasure
Felycyte. ¶ Syr hardely remēbre what may your name auaūce
Magnyfycence ¶ Largesse is laudable so it in measure be
Fansy ¶ Largesse is he that all prynces doth auaunce
I reporte me herein to kynge Lewes of fraunce
Felycyte. ¶ Why have ye hym named and all other refused
Fansy. ¶ For syth he dyed largesse was lytell vsed
Plucke vp your mynde syr what ayle you to muse.
Haue ye not welthe here at your wyll
It is but a maddynge these wayes that ye vse
What auayleth lordshyp yourselfe for to kyll
With care and with thought howe Jacke shall have gyl
Magnyfycence ¶ What I have aspyed ye are a carles page
Fansy ¶ By god syr ye se but fewe wyse men of myne age
But couetyse hath blowen you so full of wynde
That colyca passyo hath groppyd you by the guttys
Felycyte. ¶ In fayth broder largesse you haue a mery mynde.
Fansy. ¶ In fayth I set not by ye worlde two daūcaster cuttys
Magnyfycence ¶ Ye wāte but a wylde flyeng bolte to shote at ye butte.
Though largesse ye hyght your langage is to large
For whiche ende goth forwarde ye take lytell charge
Felycyte. ¶ Let se this checke yf ye voyde canne
Fansy. ¶ In faythe els had I gone to longe to scole
But yf I coulde knowe a gose from a swanne
Magnyfycence ¶ Wel wyse mē may ete ye fysshe whē ye shall draw ye pole
Fansy. ¶ In fayth I wyll not say that ye shall proue a fole
But ofte tymes haue I sene wyse men do mad dedys
Magnyfycence ¶ Go shake the dogge hay syth ye wyll nedys
You are nothynge mete with vs for to dwell.
That with your lorde and mayster so pertly can prate.
Gete you hens I say by my counsell
I wyll not vse you to play with me check mate
Fansy. ¶ Syr yf I haue offended your noble estate
I trowe I haue brought you suche wrytynge of recorde
That I shall haue you agayne my good lorde

To you recommendeth sad cyrcumspeccyon
And sendeth you this wrytynge closed under sele

Magnyfycence ¶ This wrytynge is welcome with harty affeccyon
Why kepte you it thus longe? howe dothe he wele

Fansy ¶ Syr thanked be god he hath his hele

Magnyfycence ¶ Welthe gete you home and commaunde me to mesure
Byd hym take good hede to you my synguler tresure

Felycyte ¶ Is there ony thynge elles your grace wyll cōmaunde me

Magnyfycence ¶ Nothynge but fare you well tyll sone
And that he take good kepe to lyberte

Felycyte ¶ Your pleasure syr shortely shall be done

Magnyfycence ¶ I shall come to you myselfe I trowe this after none
I pray you larges here to remayne
Whylest I knowe what this letter doth contayne
¶ Hic faciat tanq̄ legeret litteras tacite: Interim superue=niat cantando coūterfet coūtenaunce suspenso gradū q̄ viso magnyfycence sensū retrocedat ad tēpus post pusillū rursū accedat counterfet coūtenaunce prospectando & vocitando a longe et fansy animat silentium cum manu.

¶ Counterfet countenaunce

¶ What fansy fansy

Magnyfycence ¶ Who is that thus dyd cry
Me thought he called fansy

Fansy ¶ It was a flemynge hyght hansy

Magnyfycence ¶ Me thought he called fansy me behynde

Fansy ¶ Nay syr it was nothynge but your mynde
But nowe syr as touchynge this letter

Magnyfycence ¶ I shall loke in it at leasure better
And surely ye are to hym beholde
And for his sake ryght gladly I wolde
Do what I coude to do you good.

Fansy ¶ I pray god kepe you in that mood

Magnyfycence ¶ This letter was wryten ferre hence

Fansy ¶ By lakyn syr it hathe cost me pence
And grotes many one or I came to your presence

Magnyfycence ¶ Where was it delyuered you shewe vnto me

Fansy ¶ By god syr beyonde the se

Magnyfycence ¶ At what place nowe as you gesse

Fansy ¶ By my trouthe syr at pountesse
This wrytynge was taken me there
But neuer was I in gretter fere

Magnyfycence ¶ Howe so

Fansy ¶ By god at the see syde
Had I not opened my purse wyde
I trowe by our lady I had ben slayne
Or elles I had lost myne eres twayne

Fansy ¶ By your soth
Ye and there is such a wache
That no man can scape but they hym cache
They bare me in hand that I was a spye
And another haue put out myne eye
Another wolde myne eye were blerde
Another bade shaue halfe my berde
And boyes to the pylery gan me plucke
And wolde haue made me freer tucke
To preche out of the pylery hole.
Without an antetyme or a stole
And some bade sere hym with a marke
To gete me fro them I had moche warke

Magnyfycence ¶ Mary syr ye were afrayde

Fansy ¶ By my trouthe had I not payde and prayde.
And made largesse as I hyght
I had not ben here with you this nyght
But surely largesse saued my lyfe
For largesse stynteth all maner of stryfe

Magnyfycence ¶ It dothe so sure nowe and than
But largesse is not mete for euery man

Fansy ¶ No but for you grete estates
Largesse stynteth grete debates
And he that I came fro to this place
Sayd I was mete for your grace
And in dede syr I here men talke
By the way as I ryde and walke
Say howe you excede in noblenesse
If you had with you largesse

Magnyfycence ¶ And say they so in very dede

Fansy ¶ With ye syr so god me spede

Magnyfycence ¶ Yet mesure is a merry mene

Fansy ¶ Ye syr a blaunched almonde is no bene
Measure is mete for a marchauntes hall
But largesse becometh a state ryall
What sholde you pynche at a pecke of otes
Ye wolde sone pynche at a pecke of grotes
Thus is the talkynge of one and of oder
As men dare speke it hugger mugger
A lorde a negarde it is a shame
But largesse may amende your name

Magnyfycence ¶ In faythe largesse welcome to me

Fansy ¶ I pray you syr I may so be
And of my seruyce you shall not mysse.

Magnyfycence ¶ Togyder we wyll talke more of this
Let us departe from hens home to my place

Fansy ¶ I folow euen after your noble grace
¶ Hic discedat magnyfycence cum fansy et intrat coūterfet countenaunce.
Coūterfet coū. ¶ What I say herke a worde.
Fansy. ¶ Do away I say the deuylles torde.
Coūterfet coū. ¶ Ye but how longe shall I here awayte.
Fansy ¶ By goddys body I come streyte
I hate this blunderyng that thou doste make
Coūterfet coū. ¶ Nowe to the deuyll I the betake
For in fayth ye be well met
Fansy hath cachyd in a flye net
This noble man Magnyfycence
Of largesse vnder the pretence
They haue made me here to put the stone
But nowe wyll I that they be gone
In bastarde ryme after the dogrell gyse
Tell you where of my name dothe ryse
For coūterfet countenaunce knowen am I
This worlde is full of my foly
I set not by hym a fly
That can not coūterfet a lye
Swere and stare and byde therby
And countenaunce it clenly
And defende it manerly
A knaue wyll counterfet nowe a knyght
A lurdayne lyke a lorde to fyght
A mynstrell lyke a man of myght
A tappyster lyke a lady bryght
Thus make I them wyth thryft to fyght
Thus at the laste I brynge hym ryght
To tyburne where they hange on hyght
To counterfet I can by praty wayes
Of nyghtys to occupy counterfet kayes
Clenly to counterfet newe arayes
Counterfet eyrnest by way of playes
Thus am I occupyed at all assayes
What so euer I do all men me prayse
And mekyll am I made of nowe adays
Counterfet maters in the lawe of the lande
With golde and grotes they grese my hande
In stede of ryght that wronge may stande
And counterfet fredome that is bounde
I counterfet suger that is but founde
Counterfet cappytaynes by me are mande
Of all lewdnesse I kyndell the brande
Counterfet kyndnesse and thynke dyscayte

Counterfet letters by the way of sleyght
Subtelly vsynge counterfet weyght
Counterfet langage fayty bone geyte.
Counterfetynge is a proper bayte
A counte to counterfet in a resayte
To counterfet well is a good consayte
Counterfet maydenhode may well be borne
But counterfet coynes is laughynge to scorne
It is euyll patchynge of that is torne
Whan the noppe is rughe it wolde be shorne
Counterfet haltynge without a thorne
Yet counterfet chafer is but euyll corne
All thynge is worse whan it is worne
What wolde ye wyues counterfet
The courtly gyse of the newe iet
An olde barne wolde be vnderset
It is moche worthe that is ferre fet
What wanton wanton nowe well ymet.
What margery mylke ducke mermoset
It wolbe be masked in my net
It wolde be nyce thoughe I say nay
By crede it wolde haue fresshe aray
And therfore shall my husbande pay
To counterfet she wyll assay
All the newe gyse fresshe and gaye
Andbe as praty as she may
And iet it ioly as a iay
Counterfet prechynge / and byleue the contrary.
Counterfet conseyence / peuysshe pope holy.
Counterfet sadnesse / with delynge full madly
Counterfet holynes / is called ypocrysy
Counterfet reason / is not worth a flye
Counterfet wysdome / and workes of foly
Counterfet countenaunce / euery man dothe occupy
Counterfet worshyp / outwarde men may se
Ryches rydeth out / at home is pouerte
Counterfet pleasure is borne out by me
Coll wolde go clenly and it wyll not be
And annot wolde be nyce and laughes tehe wehe
Your counterfet countenaunce is all of nysyte
A plummed partrydge all redy to flye
A knokylbonyarde wyll counterfet a clarke
He wolde trotte gentylly but he is to starke
At his cloked counterfetynge dogges dothe barke
A carter a courtyer it is a worthy warke
That with his whyp his mares was wonte to yarke

A custrell to drywe the deuyll out of the derke
A counterfet courtyer with a knaues marke
To counterfet this freers have lerned me
This nonnes nowe and then and it myght be
Wolde take in the way of counterfet charyte
The grace of god vnder benedicite
To counterfet thyr counsell they gyue me a fee
Chanons can not counterfet but vpon thre
Monkys may not for drede that men sholde them se

¶ Hic ingrediatur fansy properantur cū crafty conueyaūce cum famina multa adinuicem garrulantes tandem viso coūterfet countenaūce dicat crafty cōueyaūce.

Crafty conuay. ¶ What counterfet countenance
Coūterfet coū. ¶ What crafty conueyaunce.
Fansy ¶ What the deuyll are ye two of aquayntaunce
God gyue you a very myschaunce
Crafty conuey. ¶ Yes yes syr he and I haue met
Coūterfet coū. ¶ We haue bene togyder bothe erly and late
But fansy my frende where haue ye bene so longe
Fansy ¶ By god I haue bene about a praty pronge
Crafty conueyaunce I sholde say and I
Crafty conuay. ¶ By god we haue made magnyfycence to ete a flye
Coūterfet coū. ¶ Howe coulde ye do that and was away
Fansy. ¶ By god man bothe his pagent and thyne he can play
Coūterfet coū. ¶ Say trouth
Crafty conuey. ¶ Yes Yes by lakyn I shall the warent
As longe as I lyue thou haste an heyre parent
Fansy. ¶ Yet haue we pyckyd out a rome for the
Coūterfet coū. ¶ Why shall we dwell togyder all thre
Crafty conuey. ¶ Why man it were to great a wonder
That we thre galauntes sholde be longe asonder
Coūterfet coū. ¶ For cockys harte gyue me thy hande
Fansy ¶ By the masse for ye are able to dystroy an hole lande
Crafty conuey. ¶ By god yet it muste begynne moche of the
Fansy ¶ Who that is ruled by vs it shalbe longe or he thee
Coūterfet coū. ¶ But I say kepest thou the olde name styll that thou had
Crafty conuey. ¶ Why wenyst thou horson that I were so mad
Fansy ¶ Nay nay he hath chaunged his & I haue chaunged myne
Coūterfet coū. ¶ Nowe what is his name and what is thyne
Fansy ¶ In faythe largesse I hyght
And I am made a knyght.
Coūterfet coū. ¶ A rebellyon agaynst nature.
So large a man and so lytell of stature
But syr howe counterfetyd ye
Sure surueyaunce I named me
Crafty conuey. Surueyaunce / where ye suruey

Thrykte hathe lost her coler kay.

Fansy ¶ But it is not well howe thynkest thou

Coũterfet coũ. ¶ Yes syr I gyue god auowe
Myselfe coude not counterfet it better
But what became of the letter
That I counterfeyted you vnderneth a shrowde

Fansy ¶ By the masse odly well alowde

Crafty conuey. ¶ By god had not I it conuayed
Yet fansy had ben dysceyued

Coũterfet coũ. ¶ I wote thou arte false ynoughe for one

Fansy ¶ By my trouthe we had ben gone
And yet in fayth man we lacked the
For to speke with lyberte

Coũterfet coũ. ¶ What is largesse without lyberte

Crafty conuey. ¶ By mesure mastered yet is he

Coũterfet coũ. ¶ What is your conueyance no better

Fansy ¶ In faythe mesure is lyke a tetter
That ouergroweth a mannes face
So he ruleth ouer all our place

Crafty conuey. ¶ Now therfore whylest we are togyder
Counterfet countenaunce nay come hyder
I say whylest we are togyder in same

Coũterfet coũ. ¶ Tushe a strawe it is a shame
That we can no better than so

Fansy ¶ We wyll remedy it man or we go
For lyke as mustarde is sharpe of taste
Ryght so a sharpe fansy must be founde
Wherwith mesure to confounde

Crafty conuey. ¶ Can you a remedy for a tysyke
That sheweth yourselfe thus spedde in physyke

Coũterfet coũ. ¶ It is a gentyll reason of a rake

Fansy ¶ For all these Japes yet that we make

Crafty conuey. ¶ Your fansy maketh myne elbowe to ake

Fansy ¶ Let se fynde you a better way

Coũterfet coũ. ¶ Take no dyspleasure of that we say

Crafty conuay. ¶ Nay and you be angry and ouerwharte
A man may beshrowe your angry harte

Fansy ¶ Tushe a strawe I thought none yll

Coũterfet coũ. ¶ What shall we Jangle thus all the day styll

Crafty conuey. ¶ Nay let vs our heddes togyder cast

Fansy. ¶ Ye and se howe it may be compast
That mesure were cast out of the dores

Coũterfet coũ ¶ Alasse where is my botes and my spores

Crafty conuay. ¶ In all this hast whether wyll ye ryde

Coũterfet coũ. ¶ I trowe it shall not nede to abyde
Cockes woundes se syrs se se

¶ Hic ingrediatur cloked colusyon cum elato aspectu deorsum et sursum ambulando.

Fansy ¶ Cockes armes what is he
Crafty conuey. ¶ By cockes harte he loketh hye
He hawketh me thynke for a butterflye
Coũterfet coũ ¶ Nowe by cockes harte well abyden
For had you not come I had ryden
Cloked colusyõ. ¶ Thy wordes be but wynde neuer / they haue no wayght
Thou hast made me play the Jurde hayte
Coũterfet coũ. ¶ And yf ye knewe howe I haue mused
I am sure ye wolde haue me excused
Cloked colusyõ. ¶ I say come hyder what are these twayne
Coũterfet coũ. ¶ By god syr this is fansy small brayne
And crafty conuayaunce knowe you not hym
Cloked colusyõ. ¶ Knowe hym syr quod he / yes by saynt sym.
Here is a leysshe of ratches to renne an hare
Woo is that purse that ye shall share
Fansy ¶ What call ye hym this
Crafty conuey. ¶ I trowe that he is
Couterfet coũ. ¶ Tushe holde your pece
Se you not howe they prece
For to knowe your name
Cloked colusyõ ¶ Knowe they not me they are to blame
Knowe you not me syrs.
Fansy ¶ No in dede
Crafty conuey. ¶ Abyde lette me se / take better hede
Cockes harte it is cloked colusyon.
Cloked colusyõ ¶ A syr I pray god gyue you confusyon
Fansy ¶ Cockes armes is that your name
Coũterfet coũ. ¶ Ye by the masse this is euen the same
That all this matter must vnder grope
Crafty conuey. ¶ What is this he wereth a cope
Cloked colusyõ ¶ Cappe syr I say you be to bolde.
Fansy ¶ Se howe he is wrapped for the colde
Is it not a vestment
Cloked colusyõ ¶ A ye wante a rope
Coũterfet coũ ¶ Tushe it is syr Johñ double cloke
Fansy ¶ Syr and yf ye wolde not be wrothe
Cloked colusyõ ¶ What saynst
Fansy ¶ Here was to lytell clothe
Cloked colusyõ ¶ A fansy fansy god sende the brayne
Fansy ¶ Ye for your wyt is cloked for the rayne
Crafty conuey. ¶ Nay lette vs not clatter thus styll
Cloked colusyõ ¶ Tell me syrs / what is your wyll
Coũterfet coũ ¶ Syr it is so that these twayne
With magnyfycence in housholde do remayne
And there they wolde haue me to dwell

But J wyll be ruled after your counsell

Fansy ¶ Mary so wyll we also

Cloked colusyō ¶ But tell me where aboute ye go

Coūterfet coūt ¶ By god we wolde gete vs all thyder
Spell the remenaunt and do togyder

Cloked colusyō ¶ Hath magnyfycence ony tresure

Crafty conuey. ¶ Ye but he spendeth it all in mesure

Cloked colusyō ¶ Why dwelleth mesure where ye two dwell
In faythe he were better to dwell in hell

Fansy ¶ Yet where we wonne nowe there wonneth he

Cloked colusyō ¶ And haue you not amonge you lyberte

Coūterfet coū ¶ Ye but he is a captyuyte

Cloked colusyō ¶ What the deuyll howe may that be

Coūterfet coū. ¶ J can not tell you why aske you me
Aske these two that there dothe dwell

Crafty conuey. ¶ Syr the playnesse you tell me
There dwelleth a mayster men calleth mesure

Fansy Ye and he hath rule of all his tresure

Crafty conuey. ¶ Nay eyther let me tell or elles tell ye

Fansy ¶ J care not J / tell on for me

Coūterfet coū. ¶ J pray god let you neuer to thee

Cloked colusyō ¶ What the deuyll ayleth you can you not agree

Crafty conuey. ¶ J wyll passe ouer the cyrcumstaunce
And shortly shewe you the hole substaunce
Fansy and J we twayne
With magnyfycence in housholde do remayne
And counterfeted our names we haue
Craftely all thynges vpryght to saue
His name largesse / surueyaunce myne
Magnyfycence to vs begynneth to enclyne
Counterfet countenaunce to haue also
And wolde that we sholde for hym go

Coūterfet coū. ¶ But shall J haue myne olde name styll

Crafty conuey. ¶ Pease J haue not yet sayd what J wyll

Fansy ¶ Here is a pystell of a postyke

Cloked colusyō ¶ Tusshe fonnysshe fansy thou arte frantyke
Tell on syr howe then

Crafty conuey. ¶ Mary syr he tolde vs when
We had hym founde we sholde hym brynge
And that we fayled not for nothynge

Cloked colusyō ¶ All this ye may easely brynge aboute

Fansy ¶ Mary the better and mesure were out

Cloked colusyō ¶ Why can ye not put out that foule freke

Crafty conuey. ¶ No in euery corner he wyll peke
So that we haue no lyberte
Nor no man in courte but he

For lyberte he hath in gydyng

Coũterfet coũ. ¶ In fayth and without lyberte there is no bydyng
Fansy ¶ In fayth and lybertyes rome is there but small
Cloked colusyō ¶ Hem? that lyke I nothynge at all
But counterfet countenaunce go we togyder
All thre I say
Coũterfet coũ. ¶ Shall I go? whyder.
Cloked colusyō ¶ To Magnyfycence with us twayne
And in his seruyce the to retayne
Coũterfet coũ. ¶ But then syr what shall I hyght
Crafty conuey. ¶ Ye and I talkyed therof to nyght
Fansy ¶ Ye my fansy was out of owle flyght
For it is out of my mynde quyght
Crafty conuey. ¶ And nowe it cometh to my remembraunce
Syr ye shall hyght good demeynaunce
Coũterfet coũ. ¶ By the armes of calys well conceyued
Crafty conuey. ¶ When we haue hym thyder conuayed
What and I frame suche a slyght
That fansy with his fonde consayte
Put magnyfycence in such a madnesse
That he shall haue you in the stede of sadnesse
And sober sadnesse shalbe your name
Cloked colusyō ¶ By cockys body here begynneth the game
For then shall we so craftely cary
That mesure shall not there longe tary
Fansy ¶ For cockys harte tary whylyst that I come agayne
Crafty conuey. ¶ We wyll se you shortly one of vs twayne
Coũterfet coũ. ¶ Now let vs go and we shall then
Cloked colusyō ¶ Nowe let se quyte you lyke praty men

¶ Hic deambulat.

¶ To passe the tyme and order whyle a man may talke.
Of one thynge and other to occupy the place
Then for the season that I here shall walke
As good to be occupyed as vp and downe to trace
And do nothynge how be it full lytell grace
There cometh and groweth of my comynge
For clokyd colusyon is a perylous thynge
Double delynge and I be all one
Craftynge and haftynge contryued is by me
I can dyssemble I can bothe laughe and grone
Playne delynge and I can neuer agre
But dyuysyon dyssensyon dyrysyon these thre
And I am counterfet of one mynde and thought
By ye menys of myschyef to bryng all thynge to nought
And though I be so odyous a geste
And euery man gladly my company wolde refuse

In kaythe yet am I occupyed with the best
Full kewe that can themselfe of me excuse
Whan other men laughe than study I and muse
Deuysynge the meanes and wayes that I can
Howe I may hurte and hynder euery man
Two faces in a hode couertly I bere
Water in the one hande and fyre in the other
I can kede forth a kole and lede hym by the eyre
Falshode in fellowshyp is my sworne brother.
By cloked colusyon I say and none other
Comberaunce and trouble in Englande fyrst I began
From that lorde to that lorde I rode and I ran
And flatered them with fables fayre before theyr face.
And tolde all ye myschyef I coude behynde theyr backe.
And made as I had knowen nothynge of the case
I wolde begyn all myschyef but I wolde bere no lacke
Thus can I lerne you syrs to bere the deuyls sācke
Ano yet I trowe some of you be better sped than I
Frendshyp to fayne and thynke full lytherly
Paynte to a purpose good countenaunce I can.
And craftely can I grope howe euery man is mynded.
My purpose is to spy and to poynte euery man.
My tonge is with fauell forked and tyned
By cloked colusyon thus many one is begyled.
The man to hynder I gape and I gaspe
My speche is all pleasure / but I stynge lyke a waspe
I am neuer glad but whan I may do yll.
And neuer am I sory but whan that I se
I can not myne appetyte accomplysshe and fulfyll
In hynderaunce of welthe and prosperyte
I laughe at all shrewdness / and lye at lyberte
I muster I medle amonge these grete estates
I sowe sedycyous sedes of dyscorde and debates
To flater and to flery is all my pretence
Amonge all suche persones as I well vnderstonde
Be lyght of byleue and hasty of credence
I make them to startyll and sparkyll lyke a bronde
I moue them I mase them I make them so fonde
That they wyll here no man but the fyrst tale
And so by these meanes I brewe moche bale

¶ Hic ingrediatur courtly abusyon cantando.

Courtly abusiō ¶ Hukka hukka taunderum taunderū tayne hukka hukka.
Cloked colusyō ¶ This was properly prated syrs what sayd a
Courtly abusiō ¶ Rutty bully Joly rutterkyn heyda
Cloked colusyō ¶ De que pays este vous.

¶ Et faciat tanq̄; exiat beretrum cronice.

Courtly abusyō ¶ Decke your hoste and couer a lowce
Cloked colusyō ¶ Say vous chaunter venter tre dawce
Courtly abusiō ¶ Wyda Wyda.
Howe sayst thou man am not I a Joly rutter.
Cloked colusyō ¶ Gyue this gentylman rome syrs stonde vtter
By god syr what nede all this waste
What is this a betell or a batowe or a buskyn lacyd
Courtly abusiō ¶ What wenyst thou yt I knowe the not clokyd colusyō
Cloked colusyō ¶ And wenyst thou yt I knowe not ye cankard abusyon
Courtly abusyō ¶ Cankard Jacke hare loke thou be not rusty
For yu shalt well knowe I am nother durty nor dusty.
Cloked colusyō ¶ Dusty nay syr ye be all of the lusty
Howe be it of scape thryfte your clokes smelleth musty
But whether art thou walkynge in faythe unfaynyd
Courtly abusyō ¶ Mary with magnyfycence I wolde be retaynyd
Cloked colusyō ¶ By the masse for the cowrte thou art a mete man
Thy slyppers they swap it / yet yu fotys it lyke a swāne
Courtly abusyō ¶ Ye so I can deuyse my gere after the cowrtly maner
Cloked colusyō ¶ So thou arte personable to bere a prynces baner.
By godde fote & I dare well fyght for I wyll not start
Courtly abusyō ¶ Nay yu art a man good Inough but for thy false hart
Cloked colusyō Well and I be a coward theris mo than I
Courtly abusyō ¶ Ye in faythe a bolde man and a hardy
Cloked colusyō A bolde man in a bole of newe ale in cornys
Courtly abusyō ¶ Wyll ye se this gentylman is all in his skornys
Clokyd colusyō ¶ But are ye not auysed to dwell where ye spake
Courtly abusiō ¶ I am of fewe wordys I loue not to barke
Beryst thou any rome, or cannyst thou do ought
Cannyst thou helpe in fauer that I myght be brought
Clokyd colusyō ¶ I may do somwhat and more I thynke shall
¶ Here cometh in Crafty conueyaunce poyntyng with his fynger and sayth. Hem colusyon.
Courtly abusyō ¶ Cockys harte who is yonde that for the dothe call
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Nay come at ones for the armys of the dyce
Courtly abusyō ¶ Cockys armys he hath callyd for the twyce
Clokyd colusyō ¶ By cockys harte and call shall agayne
To come to me I trowe he shalbe fayne
Courtly abusyō ¶ What is thy harte pryckyd with such a prowde pynne
Cloked colusyō ¶ Tushe he that hath nede man let hym rynne
Crafty conuey. ¶ Nay come away man thou playst the cayser
Courtly abusiō ¶ By the masse thou shalt byde my leyser
Crafty conuey. ¶ Abyde syr q̄ he? mary so I do
Courtly abusiō ¶ He wyll come man when he may tende to
Crafty conuay. ¶ What the deuyll who sent for the
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Here he is nowe man mayst thou not se
Crafty conuay. ¶ What the deuyll man what thou menyst
Art thou so angry as thou semyst.

Courtly abusiō ¶ What the deuyll can ye agre no better
Crafty conuey. ¶ What the deuyll where had we this ioly Jetter
Cloked colusyō ¶ What sayst thou man why dost thou not supplye
And desyre me thy good mayster to be
Courtly abusyō ¶ Spekest thou to me
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Ye so J tell the
Courtly abusyō ¶ Cocke bones J ne tell can
Whjche of you is the better man
Or whiche of you can do most
Crafty conuay. ¶ In fayth J rule moche of the rost
Cloked colusyō ¶ Rule the roste ye thou woldest
As skante thou had no nede of me
Crafty conuay. ¶ Nede yes mary J say not nay
Courtly abusiō ¶ Cockes hate J trowe thou wylte make a fray
Crafty conuey. ¶ Nay in good faythe it is but the gyse
Clokyd colusyō ¶ No for or we stryke we wyll be aduysed twyse
Courtly abusiō ¶ What the deuyll vse ye not to drawe no swordes
Crafty conuey. ¶ No by my trouthe but crake grete wordes
Courtly abusyō ¶ Why is this the gyse nowe adayes
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Ye for surety ofte peas is taken for frayes
But syr J wyll haue this man with me
Crafty conuey. ¶ Conuey yourselfe fyrst let se
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Well tary here tyll J for you sende
Crafty conuey. ¶ Why shall he be of your bende
Cloked colusyō ¶ Tary here wote ye what J say
Courtly abusyō ¶ J waraunt you J wyll not go away
Crafty conuey. ¶ By saynt mary he is a tawle man.
Cloked colusyō ¶ Ye and do ryght good seruyce he can
J knowe in hym no defaute
But that the horson is prowde and hawte.
¶ And so they go out of the place.
Courtly abusiō ¶ Nay purchase ye a pardon for the pose.
For pryde hath plucked the by the nose
As well as me J wolde and J durste
But nowe J wyll not say the worste
¶ Courtly abusyon alone in the place.
¶ What nowe let se / who loketh on me
Well rounde aboute / how gay and howe stoute
That J can were / courtly my gere
My heyre bussheth / so plesauntly
My robe russheth / so ruttyngly
Me seme J flye / J am so lyght
To daunce de lyght
Properly drest / all poynte deuyse
My persone prest / beyonde all syse
Of the newe gyse
To russhe it oute / in euery route

Beyonde measure / my sleue is wyde
Al of pleasure
My hose strayte tyde / my buskyn wyde
Riche to beholde / gletterynge in golde
Abusyon / forsothe I hyght
Confusyon / shall on hym lyght
By day or by nyght / that vseth me
He can not thee
A very fon / a very asse
Wyll take vpon / to compasse
That neuer was / abusyd before
A very pore / that so wyll do
He doth abuse / hym selfe to to
He dothe mysse vse / eche man take a fe
To crake and prate / I be foule his pate
This newe fonne Jet / from out of Fraunce
Fyrst I dyd set / made purueaunce
And suche ordenaunce
That all men it founde / through out Englonde
All this nacyon / I set on fyre
In my facyon
This theyr desyre / this newe a tyre
This ladyes haue / I it them gaue
Spare for no coste
And yet in dede / it is coste loste
Moche more than nede / for to excede
In suche aray
Howe be it I say / a carlys sonne brought vp of nought
Wythme wyll wonne / whylyst he hath ought
He wyll haue wrought
His gowne so wyde / that he may hyde
His dame and his syre / within his slyue
Spende all his hyre / that men hym gyue
Wherfore I preue / a tyborne checke
Shall breke his necke

¶ Here cometh in fansy craynge stow stow.

All is out of harre / and out of trace
Ay warre and warre / in euery place
But what the deuyll art thou / that cryest stow stow

Fansy. ¶ What whom haue we here Jenkyn Joly
Now welcom by the god holy

Courtly abusiō ¶ What fansy my frende howe doste thou fare

Fansy ¶ By cryst as mery as a marche hare

Courtly abusyō ¶ What the deuyll hast yᵘ on thy fyste / an owle

Fansy ¶ Nay it is a farly fowle

Courtly abusyō ¶ Me thynke she frowneth and lokys sowre

Fansy — Torde manit is an hawke of the towre
She is made for the malarde fat
Courtly abusiō — ¶ Methynke she is well becked to catche a rat
But nowe what tydynges can you tell let se
Fansy — ¶ Mary I am come for the
Courtly abusiō — ¶ For me
Fansy — ¶ Ye for the so I say
Courtly abusiō — ¶ Howe so tell me I the pray
Fansy — ¶ Why harde thou not of the fray
That fell amonge vs this same day
Courtly abusiō — ¶ No mary not yet
Fansy — ¶ What the deuyll neuer a whyt.
Courtly abusiō — ¶ No by the masse what sholde I swere
Fansy — ¶ In faythe lyberte is nowe a lusty spere
Courtly abusiō — ¶ Why vnder whom was he abydynge
Fansy — ¶ Mary mesure had hym a whyle in gydynge
Tyll as the deuyll wolde they fell a chydynge
With crafty conuayaunce
Courtly abusyō — ¶ Ye dyd they so
Fansy — ¶ Ye by goddes sacrament and with other mo
Courtly abusyō — ¶ What neded that in the dyuyls date
Fansy — ¶ Yes Yes he fell with me also at debate
Courtly abusiō — ¶ With the also / what he playeth the state
Fansy — ¶ Ye but I bade hym pyke out of the gate
By goddes body so dyd I
Courtly abusyō — ¶ By the masse well done and boldely
Fansy — ¶ Holde thy pease measure shall frome vs walke.
Courtly abusyō — ¶ Why is he crossed than with a chalke
Fansy. — ¶ Crossed / ye checked out of consayte
Courtly abusyō — ¶ Howe so
Fansy — ¶ By god by a praty slyght
As here after thou shalte knowe more
But I must tary here / go thou before
Courtly abusyō — ¶ With whom shall I there mete.
Fansy — ¶ Crafty conueyaunce standeth in the strete
Euen of purpose for the same
Courtly abusiō — ¶ Ye but what shall I call my name
Fansy — ¶ Cockes harte tourne the let me se thyne aray
Cockes bones this is all of Johñ de gay
Courtly abusiō — ¶ So I am poynted after my consayte
Fansy. — ¶ Mary thou Jettes it of hyght
Courtly abusyō — ¶ Ye but of my name let vs be wyse
Fansy — ¶ Mary lusty pleasure by myne advyse
To name thyselfe come of it were done
Courtly abusyō — ¶ Farewell my frende
Fansy — ¶ Adue tyll sone
Stowe byrde stowe stowe

It is best I fede my hawke now
There is many euyll fauerȳd and thou be foule
Eche thynge is fayre when it is yonge / all hayle owle
Lo this is
My fansy I wys
Nowe cryst it blysse
It is by Jesse
A byrde full swete / for me full mete
She is furred for the hete
All to the fete
Her browys bent / her eyen glent
Frome tyne to trent / from stroude to kent
A man shall fynde / many of her kynde
Howe standeth the wynde / before or behynde
Barbyd like a nonne / for burnynge of the sonne
Her fethers don ne / well fauerȳd bonne
Nowe let me se about / in all this rowte
Yf I can fynde out / so semely a snowte
Amonge this prese / euen a hole mese
Pease man pease / I rede we sease
So farly fayre as it lokys
And her becke so comely crokys
Her naylys sharpe as tenter hokys
I haue not kept her yet thre wokys
And howe styll she dothe syt
Teuyt teuyt / where is my wyt
The deuyll spede whyt
That was before I set behynde
Nowe to curteys forthwith vnkynde
Somtyme to sober / somtyme to sadde
Somtyme to mery / somtyme to madde
Somtyme I syt as I were solempe prowde
Somtyme I laughe ouer lowde
Somtyme I wepe for a gew gaw
Somtyme I laughe at waggynge of a straw
With a pere my loue you may wynne
And ye may lese it for a pynne
I haue a thynge for to say
And I may tende therto for play
But in faythe I am so occupyed
On thy halfe and on euery syde
That I wote not where I may rest.
Fyrst to tell you what were best.
Frantyke fansy seruyce I hygh̄t
My wyttys be weke, my braynys are lygh̄t
For it is I that other whyle

Plucke downe lede and theke with tyle
Nowe I wyll this and nowe I wyll that
Make a wyndmyll of a mat
Nowe I wolde and I wyst what
Where is my cappe I haue lost my hat
And within an houre after
Plucke downe an house and set vp a rafter
Hyder and thyder I wote not whyder
Do and vndo bothe togyder
Of a spyndell I wyll make a sparre
All that I make forthwith I marre
I blunder I bluster I blowe and I blother
I make on the one day and I marre on the other
Bysy bysy and euer bysy
I daunce vp and downe tyll I am dyssy
I can fynde fantasyes where none is
I wyll not haue it / so I will haue it this

¶ Hic ingrediatur Foly quesiendo crema et faciendo multum feriendo tabulas et similia.

Foly.

¶ Maysters cryst saue euerychone
What fansy arte thou here alone

Fansy ¶ What sonnyshe foly I befole thy face

Foly ¶ What frantyke fansy in a foles case
What is this, an owle or a glede
By my trouthe she hathe a grete hede.

Fansy ¶ Tusshe thy lyppes hange in thyne eyen.
It is a frenche butterflye

Foly ¶ By my trouthe I trowe well
But she is lesse a grete dele
Than a butterflye of our lande

Fansy ¶ What pylde curre ledest thou in thy hande

Foly ¶ A pylde curre

Fansy ¶ Ye so I tell the a pylde curre

Foly ¶ Yet I solde his skynne to macke murre
In the stede of a budge furre

Fansy ¶ What fleyest thou his skynne euery yere

Foly ¶ Yes in faythe I thanke god I may here

Fansy ¶ What thou wylte coughe me a dawe for forty pens

Foly ¶ Mary syr cokermowthe is a good way hens

Fansy ¶ What / of cokermowth spake I no worde

Foly ¶ By my faythe syr the frubyssher hath my sworde

Fansy ¶ As I trowe ye shall coughe me a fole

Foly ¶ In faythe trouthe ye say we wente togyder to scole

Fansy ¶ Ye but I can somwhat more of the letter

Foly ¶ I wyll not gyue an halfepeny for to chose the better.

Fansy. ¶ But broder foly I wonder moche of one thynge
That thou so hye fro me doth sprynge
And I so lytell alway styll
Foly. ¶ By god I can tell the and I wyll
Thou art so feble fantastycall
And so braynsyke therwithall
And thy wyt wanderynge here and there
That thou cannyst not growe out of thy boyes gere
And as for me I take but one folysshe way
And therfore I growe more on one day
Than thou can in yerys seuen.
Fansy. ¶ In faythe trouth thou sayst nowe by god of heuen
For so with fantasyes my wyt dothe flete
That wysdome and I shall seldome mete
Nowe of good felowshyp let me by thy hogge
Foly. ¶ Cockys harte thou lyest I am no dogge
Fansy. ¶ Here is no man that callyd the hogge nor swyne
Foly. ¶ In faythe man my brayne is as good as thyne
Fansy. ¶ The deuyls torde for thy brayne
Foly. ¶ By my syers soule I fele no rayne
Fansy. ¶ By the masse I holde the madde
Foly. ¶ Mary I knewe the when thou waste a ladde
Fansy. ¶ Cockys bonys herde ye euer syke another
Foly. ¶ Ye a fole the tone and a fole the tother
Fansy. ¶ Nay but wotest thou what I do say
Foly. ¶ Why sayst thou that I was here yesterday
Fansy. ¶ Cockys armys this is a warke I trowe
Foly. ¶ What callyst thou me a donnyshe crowe
Fansy. ¶ Nowe in good faythe thou art a fonde gest
Foly. ¶ Ye bere me this strawe to a dawys nest
Fansy. ¶ What wenyst thou that I were so folysshe & so fonde
Foly. ¶ In faythe ellys is there none in all Englonde
Fansy. ¶ Yet for my fansy sake I say
Let me haue thy dogge what soeuer I pay
Foly. ¶ Thou shalt haue my purse and I wyll haue thyne
Fansy. ¶ By my trouth there is myne
Foly. ¶ Nowe by my trouth man take there is myne
And I beshrowe hym that hath the worse
Fansy. ¶ Torde I say what haue I do.
Here is nothynge but the bockyll of a sho
And in my purse was twenty marke
Foly. ¶ Ha ha ha herke syrs harke
For all that my name hyght foly.
By the masse yet art thou more fole than I
Fansy. ¶ Yet gyue me thy dogge and I am content
And thou shalte haue my hauke to a botchment

Foly. ¶ That euer thou thryue god it forfende
For goddes cope thou wyll spende
Nowe take thou my dogge and gyue me thy fowle

Fansy. ¶ Hay chysshe come hyder

Foly. ¶ Nay torde take hym be tyme

Fansy. ¶ What callest thou thy dogge

Foly. ¶ Tusshe his name is gryme.

Fansy. ¶ Come gryme come gryme it is my praty dogges

Foly. ¶ In fayth there is not a better dogge for hogges
Not from Anwyke vnto aungey

Fansy. ¶ Ye but trowest thou that he be not maungey.

Foly. ¶ No by my trouthe it is but the scurfe and the scabbe

Fansy. ¶ What he hathe ben hurte with a stabbe

Foly. ¶ Nay in faythe it was but a strype
That the horson had for etynge of a trype

Fansy. ¶ Where the deuyll gate he all these hurtes

Foly. ¶ By god for snatchynge of puddynges and wortes

Fansy. ¶ What then he is some good poore mannes curre

Foly. ¶ Ye but he wyll in at euery mannes dore

Fansy. ¶ Nowe thou hast done me a pleasure grete

Foly. ¶ In faythe I wolde thou had a marmosete

Fansy. ¶ Cockes harte I loue suche Japes

Foly. ¶ Ye for all thy mynde is on owles and apes
But I haue thy pultre and thou hast my catell

Fansy. ¶ Ye but thryfte and we haue made a batell

Foly. ¶ Remembrest thou not the Japes and the toyes

Fansy. ¶ What that we vsed when we were boyes

Foly. ¶ Ye by the rode euen the same

Fansy. ¶ Yes yes I am yet as full of game
As euer I was and as full of tryfyls
Nil nichelum nihil anglice nyfyls

Foly. ¶ What canest thou all this lutyn yet.
And hath so mased a wandrynge wyt

Fansy ¶ Tushe man I kepe some latyn in store

Foly ¶ By cockes harte I wene thou hast no more

Fansy. ¶ No / yes in faythe I can versyfy.

Foly. ¶ Then I pray the hartely.
Make a verse of my butterfly
It forseth not of the reason so it kepe ryme

Fansy. ¶ But wylte thou make another on gryme

Foly ¶ Nay in faythe fyrst let me here thyne

Fansy. ¶ Mary as for that thou shalte sone here myne
Est snaui snago with a shrewde face vilis Imago.

Versus.

Foly ¶ Gribaldꝰ gredy snatche a puddyng tyl yᵉ rost be redy

Fansy ¶ By the harte of god well done

Foly. ¶ Ye so redely and so sone
¶ Here cometh in crafty conueyaunce.
Crafty conuey. ¶ What fansy / let me se who is the tother
Fansy ¶ By god syr foly myne owne sworne brother
Crafty conuey. ¶ Cockys bonys it is a farle freke
Can he play well at the hoddypeke
Fansy ¶ Tell by thy trouth what sport can yu make.
Foly ¶ A holde thy peas I haue the tothe ake
Crafty conuey. ¶ The tothe ake? lo a torde ye haue
Foly ¶ Ye thou haste the four quarters of a knaue
Crafty conuey. ¶ Wotyst thou I say to whom thou spekys
Fansy ¶ Nay by cockys harte he ne reckys
For he wyll speke to magnyfycence thus
Crafty conuey. ¶ Cockys armys a mete man for vs
foly. ¶ What wolde ye haue mo folys and are so many
Fansy ¶ Nay offer hym a counter in stede of a peny.
Crafty conuey. ¶ Why thynkys thou he can no better skyll
Foly. ¶ In fayth I can make you bothe folys and I wyll
Crafty conuey. ¶ What haste thou on thy fyst a besteryll
Foly. ¶ Nay I wys fole it is a doteryll
Crafty conuey. ¶ In a cote thou can play well the dyser
Foly. ¶ Ye but thou can play the fole without a vyser
Fansy ¶ Howe rode he by you / howe put he to you
Crafty conuey. ¶ Mary as thou sayst / he gaue me a blurre
But where gatte thou that mangey curre
fansy. ¶ Mary it was his and nowe it is myne
Crafty conuey. ¶ And was it his and nowe it is thyne
Thou must haue thy fansy and thy wyll
But yet thou shalt holde me a fole styll
Foly. ¶ Why wenyst thou that I cannot make the play ye fon
Fansy ¶ Yes by my faythe good syr Johñ
Crafty conuey. ¶ For you bothe it were Inough
Foly. ¶ Why wenyst yu that I were as moche a fole as thou
Fansy. ¶ Nay nay yu shalte fynde hym another maner of man
Foly. ¶ In faythe I can do mastryes so I can
Crafty conuey. ¶ What canest thou do but play cocke wat
Fansy ¶ Yet yes he wyll make the ete a gnat
Foly. ¶ Yet yes by my trouth I holde the a grote
That I shall laughe the out of thy cote
Crafty conuey. ¶ Than wyll I say that thou haste no pere
Fansy ¶ Nowe by the rode and he wyll go nere
Foly. ¶ Hem fansy regardes voyes.

¶ Here foly maketh semblaunt to take a lowse from crafty conueyaunce showlder.

fansy. ¶ What hast thou founde there
foly. ¶ By god a lowse
Crafty conuey. ¶ By cockes harte J trowe thou lyste
foly. ¶ By the masse a spanysshe moght with a gray lyste.
fansy. ¶ Ha ha ha ha ha ha.
Crafty conuey. ¶ Cockes armes it is not so J trowe.

¶ Here crafty conuaunce putteth of his gowne.

foly. ¶ Put on thy gowne agayne for nowe thou hast lost.
fansy. ¶ Lo Johñ a bonam where is thy brayne
Nowe put on fole thy cote agayne
foly. ¶ Gyue me my grote for thou hast lost

¶ Here foly maketh semblaunt to take money of crafty conueyaunce saynge to hym.

Shyt thy purse dawe and do no cost
fansy. ¶ Nowe hast thou not a prowde mocke & a starke.
Crafty conuey. ¶ With yes by the rode of wodstocke parke.
fansy. ¶ Nay J tell the he maketh no dowtes
To tourne a fole out of his clowtes.
Crafty conuey. ¶ And for a fole a man wolde hym take
foly. ¶ Nay it is J that foles can make
For be he cayser or be he kynge
To felowshyp with foly J can hym brynge
fansy. ¶ Nay wylte thou here nowe of his scoles.
And what maner of people he maketh foles
Crafty conuey. ¶ Ye let vs here a worde or twayne
foly. ¶ Syr of my maner J shall tell you the playne
Fyrst J lay before them my bybyll
And teche them howe they sholde syt ydyll
To pyke theyr fyngers all the day longe
So in theyr eyre J synge them a songe
And make them so longe to muse.
That some of them renneth strayght to the stuse
To thefte and bryboury J make some fall.
And pyke a locke and clyme a wall
And where J spy a nysot gay
That wyll syt ydyll all the day
And can not set herselfe to warke
J kyndell in her suche a lyther sparke
That rubbed she must be on the gall
Betwene the tap and the wall
Crafty conuey. ¶ What horson arte thou suche a one
Fansy ¶ Nay beyonde all other set hym alone
Crafty conuey. ¶ Hast thou ony more let se procede.

Foly ¶ Ye by god syr for a nede
I haue another maner of sorte
That I laugh at for my dysporte
And those be they that come vp of nought
As some be not ferce and yf it were well sought
Suche dawys what soeuer they be
That be set in auctorite
Anone he waxyth so hy and prowde
He frownyth fyersly brymly browde
The knaue wolde make it koy and he cowde
All that he dothe muste be alowde
And this is not well done syr take hede
And maketh hym besy where is no nede
He dawnsys so longe hey troly loly
That euery man lawghyth at his foly

Crafty conuey. ¶ By the good lorde truthe he sayth

fansy. ¶ Thynkyst thou not so by thy fayth

Crafty conuey. ¶ Thynke I not so q̄ he ellys haue I shame
For I knowe dyuerse that vseth the same

foly. ¶ But nowe forsothe man it maketh no mater
For they that wyll so bysely smater
So helpe me god man euer at the length
I make hym lese moche of theyr strength
For with foly so do I them lede
That wyt he wantyth when he hath moste nede

Fansy. ¶ Forsothe tell on hast thou any more

Foly. ¶ Yes I shall tell you or I go
Of dyuerse mo that hauntyth my scolys

Crafty conuey. ¶ All men beware of suche folys

foly ¶ There be two lyther rude and ranke
Symkyn tytyuell and pers pykthanke
Theys lythers I lerne them for to lere
What he sayth and she sayth to lay good ere
And tell to his sufferayne euery whyt
And then he is moche made of for his whyt
And be the mater yll more or lesse
He wyll make it mykyll worse than it is
But all that he dothe and yf he reken well
It is but foly euery dell

Fansy ¶ Are not his wordys cursydly cowchyd

Crafty conuey. ¶ By god there be some that be shroudly towchyd
But I say let se and yf thou haue any more

foly. ¶ I haue an hole armory of suche haburdashe in store
For there be other that foly dothe vse
That folowe fonde fantasyes and vertu refuse

fansy. ¶ Nay that is my parte that thou spekest of nowe.
Foly. ¶ So is all the remenaunt I make god auowe
For thou fourmest suche fantasyes in theyr mynde
That euery man almost groweth out of kynde.
Crafty conuay. ¶ By the masse I am glad that I came hyder.
To here you two rutters dyspute togyder
Fansy ¶ Nay but fansy must be eyther fyrst or last
Foly ¶ But whan foly cometh all is past
Fansy ¶ I wote not whether it cometh of the or of me
But all is foly that I can se
Crafty conuay. ¶ Mary syr ye may swere it on a boke
Foly ¶ Ye tourne ouer the lefe rede there and loke
Howe frantyke fansy fyrst of all
Maketh man and woman in foly to fall
Crafty conuey. ¶ A syr a a howe by that
Fansy ¶ A peryllous thynge to cast a cat
Upon a naked man and yf she scrat
Foly ¶ So how I say the hare is squat
For frantyke fansy thou makest men madde
And I foly bryngeth them to qui fuit gadde
With qui fuit brayne seke I haue them brought
From qui fuit aliquid to shyre shakynge nought
Crafty conuey. ¶ Well argued and surely on bothe sydes
But for the fansy magnyfycence abydes
Fansy ¶ Why shall I not haue foly with me also.
Crafty conuey. ¶ Yes perde man whether that ye ryde or go
Yet for his name we must fynde a shyfte
Fansy ¶ By the masse he shall hyght consayte
Crafty conuey. ¶ Not a better name vnder the sonne
With Magnyfycence thou shalte wonne
Foly ¶ God haue mercy good godfather
Crafty conuey. ¶ Yet I wolde that ye had gone rather.
For as sone as you come in magnyfycence syght
All mesure and good rule is gone quyte
Fansy ¶ And shall we haue lyberte to do what we wyll
Crafty conuey. ¶ Ryot at lyberte russheth it out styll
Foly ¶ Ye but tell me one thynge
Crafty conuey. ¶ What is that
Foly ¶ Who is mayster of the masshe fat
Fansy ¶ Ye for he hathe a full dry soule
Crafty conuey. ¶ Cockes armes thou shalte kepe the brewhouse boule.
Foly ¶ But may I drynke therof whylest that I stare
Crafty conuey. ¶ When mesure is gone what nedest thou spare
Whan mesure is gone we may slee care
Foly ¶ Nowe then goo we hens / away the mare

¶ Crafty conueyaunce alone in the place.

Crafty conuey. ¶ It is wonder to se the worlde aboute
To se what foly is vsed in euery place
Foly hath a rome I say in euery route
To put where he lyst foly hath fre chace
Foly and fansy all where euery man dothe face & brace
Foly fotyth it properly fansy ledyth the dawnce
And next come I after crafty conueyaunce
Who so to me gyueth good aduertence
Shall se many thyngys donne craftely
By me conueyed is wanton insolence
Pryuy poyntmentys conueyed so properly
For many tymes moche kyndnesse is denyed
For drede that we dare not ofte lest we be spyed
By me is conueyed mykyll praty ware
Somtyme I say behynde the dore for nede
I haue an hoby can make larkys to dare
I knyt togyther many a broken threde
It is great almesse the hunger to fede
To clothe the nakyd where is lackynge a smocke
Trymme at her tayle or a man can turne a socke
What howe be ye mery was it not well conueyed
As oft as ye lyst so honeste be sauyd
Alas dere harte loke that we be not perseyuyd
Without crafte nothynge is well behauyd
Though I shewe you curtesy say not that I craue
Yet conuey it craftely and hardely spare not for me
So that there knowe no man but I and she
Thefte also and pety brybery
Without me be full oft aspyed
My inwyt delynge there can no man dyscry
Conuey it be crafte lyft and lay asyde
Full moche flatery and falsehode I hyde
And by crafty conueyaunce I wyll and I can
Saue a stronge thefe and hange a trewe man
But some man wolde conuey and can not skyll
As malypert tauernars yt checke with theyr betters
Theyr conueyaunce weltyth the worke all by wyll
And some wyll take vpon them to conterfet letters
And therwith all cōuey hymselfe into a payre of fetters
And some wyll conuey by the pretence of sadnesse
Tyll all theyr conueyaunce is turnyd into madnesse
Crafty conueyaunce is no chyldys game
By crafty cōueyaūce many one is brought vp of nought
Crafty conueyaunce can cloke hymselfe frome shame
For by crafty cōueyaūce wōderful thynge are wrought

By conuayaunce crafty J haue brought
Unto magnyfyce a full vngracyous sorte
For all hokes vnhappy to me haue resorte

¶ Here cometh in Magnyfycence with Lyberte and Felycyte.

Magnyfycence ¶ Trust me lyberte it greueth me ryght sore
To se you thus ruled and stande in suche awe.

Lyberte. ¶ Syr as by my wyll it shall be so no more.

Felycyte. ¶ Yet lyberte without rule is not worth a strawe.

Magnyfycence ¶ Tushe holde your peas ye speke lyke a dawe
Ye shall be occupyed welthe at my wyll

Crafty conuey. ¶ All that ye say syr is reason and skyll

Magnyfycence ¶ Mayster suruayour where haue ye ben so longe
Remembre ye not how my lyberte by mesure ruled was

Crafty conuey. ¶ In good faythe syr me semeth he had ye more wronge

Lyberte. ¶ Mary syr so dyd he excede and passe
They droue me to lernynge lyke a dull asse

Felycyte. ¶ It is good yet that lyberte be ruled by reason

Magnyfycence ¶ Tushe holde your peas ye speke out of season.
Yourselfe shall be ruled by lyberte and largesse

Felycyte. ¶ J am content so it in measure be

Lyberte. ¶ Must mesure in ye mares name you furuysshe & drese

Magnyfycence ¶ Nay nay not so my frende felycyte

Crafty conuey. ¶ Not and your grace wolde be ruled by me

Lyberte. ¶ Nay he shall be ruled euen as J lyst

Felycyte. ¶ Yet it is good to beware of had J wyst.

Magnyfycence ¶ Syr by lyberte and largesse J wyll that ye shall
Be gouerned and gyded wote ye what J say
Master suruayour largesse to me call

Crafty conuey. ¶ It shall be done

Magnyfycence ¶ Ye but byd hym come away
At ones / and let hym not tary all day

¶ Here goth out Crafty conuayaunce.

Felycyte. ¶ Yet it is good wysdome to worke wysely by welth.

Lyberte. ¶ Holde thy tonge and thou loue thy helth

Magnyfycence ¶ What wyll ye waste wynde and prate thus in vayne.
Ye haue eten sauce J trowe at the taylers hall

Lyberte ¶ Be not to bolde my frēde J cōsell you bere a brayne

Magnyfycence ¶ And what so we say holde you content withall.

Felycyte ¶ Syr yet w^t out sayyence your substaūce may be smal
For where is no mesure howe may worshyp endure.

¶ Here cometh in Fansy.

Fansy ¶ Syr J am here at your plesure
Your grace sent for me J wene / what is your wyll

Magnyfycence ¶ Come hyther largesse take here Felycyte

Fansy ¶ Why wene you that J can kepe hym longe styll.

Magnyfycence ¶ To rule as ye lyst lo here is lyberte
Lyberte. ¶ I am here redy
Fansy ¶ What shall we haue welth at our gydynge to rule as
Thē fare well thryfte by hym yᵗ crosse kyst. (we lyst)
Felycyte. ¶ I truste your grace wyll be agreabyll
That I shall suffer none impechment
By theyr demenaunce nor losse repryuable
Magnyfycence ¶ Syr ye shall folowe myn appetyte and intent
Felycyte. ¶ So it be by mesure I am ryght well content
Fansy ¶ What all by mesure good syr and none excesse
Lyberte. ¶ Why welth hath made many a man braynlesse
Felycyte. ¶ That was by the menys of to moche lyberte
Magnyfycence ¶ What can ye agree thus and appose
Felycyte ¶ Syr as I say there was no faute in me
Lyberte. ¶ Ye of Jacke a thrommys bybyll can ye make a glose
Fansy ¶ Sore sayde I tell you and well to the purpose
What sholde a man do with you loke you vnder bay
Felycyte ¶ I say it is foly to gyue all welth away
Lyberte. ¶ Whether sholde welth be rulyd by lyberte
Or lyberte by welth let se tell me that
Felycyte ¶ Syr as me semeth ye sholde be rulyd by me
Magnyfycence ¶ What nede you with hym thus prate and chat
Fansy. ¶ Shewe vs your mynde then howe to do and what
Magnyfycence ¶ I say that I wyll ye haue hym in gydynge
Lyberte. ¶ Mayster felycyte let be your chydynge
And so as ye se it wyll be no better
Take it in worthe suche as ye fynde
Fansy ¶ What the deuyll man your name shalbe the greter
For welth without largesse is all out of kynde
Lyberte. ¶ And welth is nought worthe / yf lyberte be behynde
Magnyfycence ¶ Nowe holde ye content for there is none other shyfte
Felycyte. ¶ Than waste must be welcome and fare well thryfte
Magnyfycence ¶ Take of his substaunce a sure inuentory
And get thou home togyther for lyberte shall byde
And wayte vpon me
Lyberte. ¶ And yet for a memory
Make indentures howe ye and I shal gyde
fansy. ¶ I can do nothynge but he stonde besyde
Lyberte. ¶ Syr we can do nothynge the one without the other
Magnyfycence ¶ Well get you hens than and sende me some other
Fansy. ¶ Whom lusty pleasure? or mery consayte
Magnyfycence ¶ Nay fyrst lusty pleasure is my desyre to haue
And let the other another awayte
Howe be it that fonde felowe is a mery knaue
But loke that ye occuppe the auctoryte that I you gaue
¶ Here goeth out felycyte / lyberte / and fansy.

¶ Magnyfycence alone in the place.

fansy. ¶ For nowe syrs I am lyke as a prynce sholde be
I haue welth at wyll largesse and lyberte
Fortune to her lawys can not abandune me
But I shall of fortune rule the reyne
I fere nothynge fortunes perplexyte
All honour to me must nedys stowpe and lene
I synge of two partys without a mene
I haue wynde and wether ouer all to sayle
No stormy rage agaynst me can peruayle
Alexander of Macedony kynge
That all the oryent had in subiecyon
Though al his conquestys were brought to rekenynge
Myght seme ryght wel vnder my protecyon
To rayne: for all his marcyall affecyon
For I am prynce perlesse prouyd of porte
Bathyd with blysse embracyd with comforte
Syrus that soleme syar of Babylon
That Israell releysyd of theyr captyuyte
For al his pompe / for all his ryall trone
Ye may not be comparyd vnto me
I am the dyamounde dowtlesse of dygnyte
Surely it is I that all may saue and spyll
No man so hardy to worke agaynst my wyll
Porcenya the prowde prouoste of turky lande
That ratyd the romaynes and made them yll rest
Nor Cesar July that no man myght withstande
Were neuer halfe so rychely as I am drest
No that I assure you loke who was the best
I reyne in my robys I rule as me lyst
I dryue downe thse dastardys with a dynt of my fyste
Of Cato the counte acountyd the cane
Darpus the doughty cheftayn of perse
I set not by the prowdest of them a prane
Ne by non other that any man can rehersse
I folowe in felycyte without reuesse
I drede no daunger I dawnce all in delyte
My name is magnyfycence man most of myght
Hercules the herdy with his stobburne clobbyd mase
That made Cerberus to cache the cur dogge of hell
And Thesius the prowde was Pluto to face
It wolde not become them with me for to mell
For of all barones bolde I bere the bell
Of all doughty I am doughtyest duke as I deme
To me all prynces to lowte man besene
Cherlemayne that mantenyd the nobles of Fraunce

Arthur of albyan for all his brymme berde
Nor basyan the bolde for all his brybaunce
Nor alerycus that rulyd the gothyaunce by swerd
Nor no man on molde can make me aferd
What man is so maysyd with me that dare mete
I shall flappe hym as a fole to fall at my fete
Galba whom his galantys garde for a gaspe
Nor nero that nother set by god nor man
Nor vaspasyan that bare in his nose a waspe
Nor hanyball agayne rome gates that ranne
Nor yet typpo that noble cartage wanne
Nor none so hardy of them with me that durst crake
But I shall frounce thē on yᵉ foretop & gar thē to quake

¶ Here cometh in courtly abusyon doynge reuerence and courtesy.

Courtly abusyō ¶ At your commaundemēt syr wythall dew reuerēce
Magnyfycence ¶ Welcom pleasure to our magnyfycence
Courtly abusiō ¶ Plesyth it your grace to shewe what I do shall
Magnyfycence ¶ Let vs here of your pleasure to passe the tyme withall
Courtly abusyō ¶ Syr then with yᵉ fauour of your benynge sufferaūce
To shewe you my mynde my selfe I wyll auaunce
If it lyke your grace to take it in degre
Magnyfycence ¶ Yes syr so good man in you I se
And in your delynge so good assurance
That we delyte gretly in your dalyaunce.
Courtly abusiō ¶ A syr your grace me dothe extole and rayse
And ferre beyond my merytys ye me cōmende & prayse
Howe be it I wolde be ryght gladde I you assure
Any thynge to do that myght be to your pleasure
Magnyfycence ¶ As I be saued with pleasure I am supprysed
Of your langage it is so well deuysed
Pullyshyd and fresshe is your ornacy
Courtly abusyō ¶ A I wolde to god that I were halfe so crafty
Or in electe vtteraunce halfe so eloquent
As that I myght your noble grace content
Magnyfycence ¶ Truste me with you I am hyghly pleasyd
For in my fauour I haue you fettyd and seasyd
He is not lyuynge your maners can amend
Mary your speche is as pleasāt as though it were pend
To here your comon it is my hygh comforte
Poynt deuyse all pleasure is your porte
Courtly abusyō ¶ Syr I am the better of your noble reporte
But of your pacyence vnder the supporte
If it wolde lyke you to here my pore mynde
Magnyfycence ¶ Speke I beseche the leue nothynge behynde
Courtly abusyō ¶ So as ye be a prynce of great myght

Jt is sempnge your pleasure ye delyte
And to aqueynte you with carnal delectacyon
And to fall in a quayntaunce with euery newe facyon
And quyckely your appetytes to sharpe and adresse
To fasten your fansy vpon a fayre maystresse
That quyckly in enuyued with rudyes of the rose
Jnpurtured with fetures after your purpose
The streynes of her vaynes as asure Jnde blewe.
Enbudded with beautye and colour fresshe of hewe
As lyly whyte to loke vpon her heyre
Her eyen relucent as carbuncle so clere.
Her mouthe embawmed dylectable and mery
Her lusty lyppes ruddy as the chery.
Howe lyke you / ye lacke syr suche a lusty lasse
Magnyfycence ¶ A that were a baby to brace and to basse
J wolde J had by hym that hell dyd harowe
With me in keppnge suche a phylyp sparowe
J wolde hauke whylest my hede dyd warke
So J myght hobby for suche a lusty larke
These wordes in myne eyre they be so lustely spoken
That on suche a female my flesshe wolde be wroken
They towche me so thorowly and tykyll my consayte.
That weryed J wolde be on suche a bayte
A cockes armes where myght suche one be founde
Courtly abusiō ¶ Wyll ye spende ony money
Magnyfycence ¶ Ye a thousande pounde
Courtly abusyō ¶ Nay nay for lesse J waraunt you to be sped
And brought home and layde in your bed
Magnyfycence ¶ Wolde money trowest thou make such one to the call
Courtly abusyō ¶ Money maketh marchauntes J tell you ouer all
Magnyfycence ¶ Why wyl a maystres be wonne for money & for golde
Courtly abusyō ¶ Why was not for money troy bothe bought and solde
Full many a stronge cyte and towne hath ben wonne.
By the meanes of money without ony gonne.
A maystres J tell you is but a small thynge
A goodly rybon or a golde rynge
May wynne with a sawte the fortresse of the holde
But one thynge J warne you prece forth and be bolde
Magnyfycence ¶ Ye but some be full koy and passynge hard harted.
Courtly abusiō ¶ But blessyd be our lorde they wyll be sone conuerted.
Magnyfycence ¶ Why wyll they then be intreted the most and ye lest
Courtly abusyō ¶ Ye for omnis mulier meritrix si celari potest
Magnyfycence ¶ A J haue spyed ye can moche broken sorowe
Courtly abusiō ¶ J coude holde you wt suche talke hens tyll to morowe
But yf it lyke your grace more at large
Me to permyt my mynde to dyscharge

I wolde yet shewe you further of my consayte
Magnyfycence ¶ Let se what ye say shewe it strayte
Courtly abusyō ¶ Wysely let these wordes in your mynde be wayed
By waywarde wylfulnes let eche thynge be conuayed
What so euer ye do folowe your owne wyll
Be it reason or none it shall not gretely skyll
Be it ryght or wronge by the aduyse of me
Take your pleasure and vse free lyberte
And yf you se ony thynge agaynst your mynde
Then some accacyon or quarell ye must fynde
And frowne it and face it as thoughe ye wolde fyght.
Frete yourselfe for anger and for dyspyte
Here no man what so euer they say
But do as ye lyst and take your owne way
Magnyfycence ¶ Thy wordes and my mynde odly well accorde.
Courtly abusyō ¶ What sholde ye do elles are not you a lorde
Let your lust and lykynge stande for a lawe.
Be wrastynge and wrythynge and away drawe.
And ye se a man that with hym ye be not pleased
And that your mynde can not well be eased
As yf a man fortune to touche you on the quyke
Then feyne yourselfe dyseased and make yourselfe seke
To styre vp your stomake you must you forge
Call for a candell and cast vp your gorge,
With cockes armes rest shall I none haue
Tyll I be reuenged on that horson knaue.
A howe my stomake wambleth I am all in a swete
Is there no horson that knaue that wyll bete.
Magnyfycence ¶ By cockes woundes a wonder felowe thou arte
For ofte tymes suche a wamblynge goth ouer my harte
Yet I am not harte seke but that me lyst.
For myrth I haue hym coryed beten and blyst
Hym that I loued not and made hym to loute
I am forthwith as hole as a troute
For suche abusyon I vse nowe and than
Courtly abusyō ¶ It is none abusyon syr in a noble man.
It is a pryncely pleasure and a lordly mynde.
Suche lustes at large may not be lefte behynde.
¶ Here cometh in cloked colusyon
with mesure.
Cloked colusyō ¶ Stande styll here and ye shall se
That for your sake I wyll fall on my kne
Courtly abusiō ¶ Syr sober sadnesse cometh wherfore it be
Magnyfycence ¶ Stande vp syr ye are welcom to me
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Please it your grace at the contemplacyon
Of my pore instance and supplycacyon

Tenderly to consyder in your aduertence.
Of our blessyd lord syr at the reuerence
Remembre the good seruyce that mesure hath you done
And that ye wyll not cast hym away so sone

Magnyfycence ¶ My frende as touchynge to this your mocyon.
I may say to you I haue but small deuocyon
Howe be it at your instaunce I wyll the rather
Do as moche as for myne owne father

Cloked colusyō ¶ Nay syr that affeccyon ought to be reserued.
For of your grace I haue it nought deserued
But yf it lyke you that I myght rowne in your eyre
To shewe you my mynde I wolde haue the lesse fere

Magnyfycence ¶ Stande a lytell abacke syr and let hym come hyder.

Courtly abusiō ¶ With a good wyll syr god spede you bothe togyder.

Clokyd colusyō ¶ Syr so it is this man is here by.
That for hym to laboure he hath prayde me hartely.
Notwithstanyynge to you be it sayde
To trust in me he is but dyssayued.
For so helpe me god for you he is not mete
I speke the softlyer because he sholde not wete

Magnyfycence ¶ Come hyder pleasure you shall here myne entent.
Mesure ye knowe well with hym I can not be content
And surely as I am nowe aduysed
I wyll haue hym rehayted and dyspysed
Howe say ye syrs herein what is best.

Courtly abusyō ¶ By myne aduyse with you in fayth he shall not rest

Clokyd colusyō ¶ Yet syr reserued your better aduysement
It were better he spake with you or he wente
That he knowe not but that I haue supplyed.
All that I can his matter for to spede.

Magnyfycence ¶ Nowe by your trouthe gaue he you not a brybe

Clokyd colusyō ¶ Yes with his hande I made hym to subscrybe
A byll of recorde for an annual rent

Courtly abusiō ¶ But for all that he is lyke to haue a glent.

Clokyd colusyō ¶ Ye by my trouthe I shall waraunt you for me
And he go to the deull so that I may haue my fee
What care I

Magnyfycence ¶ By the masse well sayd

Courtly abusyō ¶ What force ye so that he be payde

Clokyd colusyō ¶ But yet lo I wolde or that he wente.
Lest that he thought that his money were euyll spente.
That he wolde loke on hym thoughe it were not longe.

Magnyfycence ¶ Well cannest thou helpe a preest to synge a songe

Cloked colusyō ¶ So it is all the maner nowe a dayes
For to vse suche haftynge and crafty wayes

Courtly abusyō ¶ He telleth you trouth syr as I you ensure

Magnyfycence ¶ Well for thy sake the better I may endure
Tha the come hyder and to gyue hym a loke
That he shall lyke the worse all this woke
Cloked colusyō ¶ I care not howe sone he be refused
So that I may craftely be excused
Courtly abusyō ¶ Where is he
Cloked colusyō ¶ Mary I made hym abyde
Whylest I came to you a lytell here besyde
Magnyfycence ¶ Well call hym and let vs here hym reason
And we wyll be comonynge in the mene season
Courtly abusiō ¶ This is a wyse man syr where so euer ye hym had.
Magnyfycence ¶ An honest person I tell you and a sad
Courtly abusyō ¶ He can full craftely this matter brynge aboute
Magnyfycence ¶ Whylest I haue hym I nede nothynge doute
¶ Hic introducat colusion mesure magnyfycence
aspectant vultu elatissimo.
Clokyd colusyō ¶ By the masse I haue done that I can
And more than euer I dyd for ony man
I trowe ye herde yourselfe what I sayd
Mesure. ¶ Nay in dede but I sawe howe ye prayed
And made instance for me be lykelyhod
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Nay I tell you I am not wonte to fode
Them that dare put theyr truste in me
And therof ye shall a larger profe se
Mesure. ¶ Syr god rewarde you as ye haue deserued
But thynke you with magnyfycence I shal be reserued
Clokyd colusyō ¶ By my trouth I can not tell you that
But and I were as ye I wolde not set a gnat
By magnyfycence nor yet none of his
For go when ye shall of you shall he mysse
Mesure. ¶ Syr as ye say
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Nay come on with me
Yet ones agayne I shall fall on my kne
For your sake what so euer befall
I set not a flye and all go to all
Mesure. ¶ The holy goost be with your grace.
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Syr I beseche you let pety haue some place
In your brest towardes this gentylman
Magnyfycence ¶ I was your good lorde tyll that ye beganne
So masterfully vpon you for to take
With my seruauntys and suche maystryes gan make
That holly my mynde with you is myscon tente
Wherfore I wyll that ye be resydent
With me no longer
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Say somwhat nowe let se / for your selfe
Mesure: ¶ Syr yf I myght permytted be

I wolde to you say a worde or twayne

Magnyfycence ¶ What woldest thou lurden with me brawle agayne
Haue hym hens I say out of my syght
That day I se hym I shall be worse all nyght
¶ Here mesure goth out of the place.

Courtly abusyō ¶ Hens thou haynyarde out of the dores fast
Magnyfycence ¶ Alas my stomacke fareth as it wolde cast
Cloked colusyō ¶ Abyde syr abyde let me holde your hede
Magnyfycence ¶ A bolle or a basyn I say for goddes brede
A my hede / but is the horson gone
God gyue hym a myscheffe / nay nowe let me alone.

Clokyd colusyō ¶ A good dryfte syr a praty fete
By the good lorde yet your temples bete
Magnyfycence ¶ Nay so god helpe it was no grete vexacyon
For I am panged ofte tymes of this same facyon
Cloked colusyō ¶ Cockes armes howe pleasure plucked hym forth
Magnyfycence ¶ Ye walke he must it was no better worth
Cloked colusyō ¶ Syr nowe me thynke your harte is well eased
Magnyfycence ¶ Nowe measure is gone I am the better pleased.
Cloked colusyō ¶ So to be ruled by measure it is a payne
Magnyfycence ¶ Mary I wene he wolde not be glad to come agayne.
Cloked colusyō ¶ So I wote not what he sholde do here
Where mennes belyes is mesured there is no chere.
For I here but fewe men that gyue ony prayse
Unto measure I say nowe a days

Magnyfycence ¶ Measure tut / what the deuyll of hell
Scantly one with measure that wyll dwell
Cloked colusyō ¶ Not amonge noble men as the worlde gothe.
It is no wonder therfore thoughe ye be wrothe
With mesure where as all noblenes is there I haue past
They catche that catche may / kepe and holde fast
Out of all measure themselfe to enryche
No force what / thoughe his neyghbour dye in a dyche.
With pollynge and pluckynge out of all measure
Thus must ye stuffe and store your treasure

Magnyfycence ¶ Yet somtyme parde I must vse largesse
Cloked colusyō ¶ Ye mary somtyme in a messe of vergesse
As in a tryfyll or in a thynge of nought
As gyuynge a thynge that ye neuer bought
It is the gyse nowe I say ouer all.
Largesse in wordes for rewardes are but small
To make fayre promyse what are ye the worse
Let me haue the rule of your purse

Magnyfycence ¶ I haue taken it to largesse and lyberte
Cloked colusyō ¶ Than is it done as it sholde be
But vse your largesse by the aduyse of me

And J shall waraunt you welthe and lyberte.
Magnyfycence ¶ Say on me thynke your reasons be profounde.
Cloked colusyō ¶ Syr of my counsayle this shall be the grounde.
To chose out. ii. iii. of suche as you loue best
And let all your fansyes vpon them rest
Spare for no cost to gyue them pounde and peny.
Better to make. iii. ryche than for to make many
Gyue them more than ynoughe and let them not lacke.
And as for all other let them trusse and packe.
Plucke from an hundred and gyue it to thre,
Let neyther patent scape them nor fee
And where soeuer you wyll fall to a rekenynge.
Those thre wyll be redy euen at your bekenynge
For then shall you haue at lyberte to lowte
Let them haue all and the other go without
Thus ioy without mesure you shall haue.
Magnyfycence ¶ Thou sayst truthe by the harte that god me gaue
For as thou sayst ryght so shall it be.
And here J make the vpon lyberte
To be superuysour and on largesse also
For as thou wylte so shall the game go
For in pleasure and surueyaunce and also in the.
J haue set my hole felycyte
And suche as you wyll shall lacke no promocyon
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Syr syth that in me ye haue suche deuocyon
Commyttynge to me and to my felowes twayne
Your welthe and felycyte J trust we shall optayne
To do you seruyce after your appetyte
Magnyfycence ¶ In faythe & your seruyce ryght well shall J acquyte.
And therfore hye you hens and take this ouer sygh̄t.
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Nowe Jesu preserue you syr / prynce most of mygh̄t.
¶ Here goth cloked colusyon awaye and leueth
Magnyfycence alone in the place.
Magnyfycence ¶ Thus J say J am enuyronned with solace
J drede no dyntes of fatall desteny
Well were that lady mygh̄t stande in my grace.
Me to enbrace / and loue moost specyally
A lorde so J wolde halse her hartely
So J wolde clepe her so J wolde kys her swete
¶ Here cometh in Foly.
Foly. ¶ Mary cryst graunt ye catche no colde on your fete
Magnyfycence ¶ Who is this.
Foly. ¶ Consayte syr your owne man.
Magnyfycence ¶ What tydynges wt you syr / J behole thy brayne pan
Foly. ¶ By our lakyn syr J haue ben a howkyng for yᵉ wylde
My hawke is rāmisshe & it happed yt she ran. (swan.

Flewe I sholde say in to an olde barne.
To reche at a rat I coude not her warne.
She pynched her pynyon by god and catched harme.
It was a ronner / nay fole I warant her blode warme

Magnyfycence — ¶ A syr thy Jarfawcon and thou be hanged togyder.
Foly. — ¶ And syr as I was comynge to you hyder
I sawe a fox sucke on a kowes ydder
And with a lyme rodde I toke them bothe togyder
I trowe it be a frost for the way is slydder
Se for god auowe for colde as I chydder

Magnyfycence — ¶ Thy wordes hange togyder as fethers in the wynde
Foly. — ¶ A syr tolde I not howe I dyd fynde
A knaue and a carle and all of one kynde.
I sawe a wether cocke wagge with the wynde
Grete meruayle I had and mused in my mynde
The houndes ranne before and the hare behynde
I sawe a losell lede a lurden & they were both blynde.
I sawe a sowter go to supper or euer he had dynde.

Magnyfycence — ¶ By cockes harte thou art a fyne mery knaue.
Foly. — ¶ I make god auowe ye wyll none other haue.
Magnyfycence — ¶ What sayst thou.
Foly — ¶ Mary I pray god your maystershyp to saue
I shall gyue you a gaude of a goslynge that I gaue
The gander and the gose bothe grasynge on one graue.
Than rowlande the reue ran / and I began to raue.
And with a brystell of a bore / his berd dyd I shaue

Magnyfycence — ¶ If euer I herde syke another / god gyue me shame.
Foly — ¶ Sym sadylgose was my syer and dawcocke my dame
I coude and I lyst garre you laughe at a game
Howe a wodcocke wrastled with a larke yt was lame.
The bytter sayd boldly that they were to blame
The feldfare wolde haue fydled & it wolde not frame.
The crane and the curlewe therat gan to grame.
The snyte snyueled in the snowte / & smyled at ye game.

Magnyfycence — ¶ Cockes bones herde you euer suche another
Foly — ¶ Se syr I beseche you largesse my brother
¶ Here Fansy cometh in.

Magnyfycence — ¶ What tydynges with you syr that you loke so sad
Fansy — ¶ When ye knowe that I knowe ye wyll not be glad.
Foly — ¶ What brother braynsyke how farest thou.

Magnyfycence — ¶ Ye let be thy Japes and tell me howe
The case requyreth.

Fansy — ¶ Alasse alasse an heuy metynge
I wolde tell you and yf I myght for weppynge.

Foly — ¶ What is all your myrthe nowe tourned to sorowe
Fare well tyll sone / adue tyll to morowe

¶ Here goth foly away.

Magnyfycence ¶ I pray the largesse let be thy sobbynge
Fansy ¶ Alasse syr ye are vndone with stelyng and robbynge
Ye sent vs a superuysour for to take hede
Take hede of your selfe for nowe ye haue nede
Magnyfycence ¶ What hath sadnesse begyled me so
Fansy ¶ Nay madnesse hath begyled you & many mo
For lyberte is gone and also felycyte
Magnyfycence ¶ Gone / alasse ye haue vndone me
Fansy ¶ Nay he that ye sent vs clokyd colusyon
And your payntyd pleasure courtly abusyon
And your demenour wt coũterfet coutenaunce
And your superuysour crafty conueyaunce
Or euer we were ware brought vs in aduersyte
And had robbyd you quyte from all felycyte
Magnyfycence ¶ Why is this the largesse that I haue vsyd
Fansy. ¶ Nay it was your fondnesse that ye haue vsyd
Magnyfycence ¶ And is this the credence that I gaue to the letter
Fansy ¶ Why coulde not your wyt serue you no better
Magnyfycence ¶ Why who wolde haue thought in you suche gyle
Fansy ¶ What yes by ye rode syr it was I all this whyle
That you trustyd and fansy is my name
And foly my broder that made you moche game

¶ Here cometh in aduersyte.

Magnyfycence ¶ Alas why is yonder / that grymly lokys
Fansy. ¶ Adewe for I wyll not come in his clokys
Magnyfycence ¶ Lorde so my flesshe trymblyth nowe for drede

¶ Here magnyfycence is beten downe and spoylyd from all his goodys and rayment.

Aduersyte ¶ I am aduersyte that for thy mysdede
From god am sent to quyte the thy mede
Vyle velyarde thou must not nowe my dynt wtstande
Thou must not abyde the dynt of my hande
Ly there losell for all thy pompe and pryde
Thy pleasure now with payne & trouble shal be tryde.
The stroke of god / aduersyte I hyght
I pluke downe kynge prynce lorde and knyght
I rushe at them rughly and make them ly full lowe
And in theyr moste truste I make them ouerthrowe
Thys losell was a lorde and lyuyd at his lust
And nowe lyke a lurden he lyeth in the dust
He knewe not hymselfe his harte was so hye
Nowe is there no man that wyll set by hym a flye
He was wonte to boste brage and to brace

Nowe dare he not for shame loke one in the face
All worldly welth for hym to lytell was
Nowe hath he ryght nought / naked as an asse
Somtyme without measure / he trusted in golde
And now without mesure / he shal haue hunger & colde.
Lo syrs / thus J handell them all.
That folowe theyr fansyes / in foly to fall
Man or woman of what estate they be
J counsayle them beware of aduersyte
Of sorowfull seruauntes J haue many scores
J vysyte them somtyme with blaynes and with sores
With botches and carbuckyls in care J them knyt
With the gowte J make them to grone where they syt.
Some J make lyppers and lazars full horse.
And from that they loue best some J deuorse.
Some with the marmoll to halte J them make.
And some to cry out of the bone ake
And some J vysyte with brennynge of fyre
Of some J wrynge of the necke lyke a wyre
And some J make in a rope to totter and walter.
And some for to hange themselfe in an halter
And some J vysyte to batayle warre and murther
And make eche man to sle other
To drowne or to sle themselfe with a knyfe
And all is for theyr vngracyous lyfe
Yet somtyme J stryke where is none offence
Byeause J wolde proue men of theyr pacyence
But nowe a dayes to stryke J haue grete cause
Lydderyns so lytell set by goddes lawes
Faders and moders that be neclygent
And suffre theyr chyldren to haue theyr entent
To gyde them vertuously that wyll not remembre
Them or theyr chyldren ofte tymes J dysmembre
Theyr chyldren bycause that they haue no mekenesse
J vysyte theyr faders and moders with sekenesse.
And yf J se therby they wyll not amende
Then myschefe sodaynly J them sende
For there is nothynge that more dyspleaseth god
Than from theyr chyldren to spare the rod
Of correccyon / but let them haue theyr wyll
Some J make lame / and some J do kyll
And syme J stryke with a franesy
Of some of theyr chyldren J stryke out the eye.
And where the fader by wysdom worshyp hath wonne
J sende ofte tymes a fole to his sonne.
Wherfore of aduersyte loke ye be ware.

For when I come comyth sorowe and care.
For I stryke lordys of realmes and landys
That rule not by mesure that they haue in theyr hādys
That sadly rule not theyr howsholde men
I am goddys preposytour I prynt them with a pen
Because of theyr neglygence & of theyr wanton bagys
I bysyte them & stryke them with many sore plagys
To take syrs example of that I you tell
And beware of aduersyte by my counsell
Take hede of this caytyfe that lyeth here on grounde
Beholde howe fortune of hym hath frounde
For though we shewe you this in game and play
Yet it proueth eyrnest ye may se euery day
For nowe wyll I from this caytyfe go
And take myscheffe and vengeaunce of other mo
That hath deseruyd it as well as he
Howe / where art thou come hether pouerte
Take this caytyfe to thy lore

¶ Here cometh in pouerte.

Pouerte. ¶ A my bonys ake my lymmys be sore
Alasse I haue the cyatyca full euyll in my hyppe
Alasse where is youth that was wont for to skyppe
I am lowsy and vnlykynge and full of scurffe
My colour is tawny colouryd as a turffe
I am pouerte that all men doth hate
I am baytyd with doggys at euery mannys gate
I am raggyd and rent as ye may se
Full fewe but they haue enuy at me
Nowe must I this carcasse lyft vp
He dynyd with delyte with pouerte he must sup
Ryse vp syr and welcom vnto me

¶ Hic accedat ad leuandum magnyfycence et locabit eum super locum stratum.

Magnyfycence ¶ Alasse where is nowe my golde and fe
Alasse I say where to am I brought
Alasse alasse alasse I dye for thought

Pouerte. ¶ Syr all this wolde haue bene thought on before
He woteth not what welth is that neuer was sore

Magnyfycence ¶ Fy fy that euer I sholde be brought in this snare
I wenyd ones neuer to haue knowen of care

Pouerte. ¶ Lo suche is this worlde I fynde it wryt
In welth to beware and that is wyt.

Magnyfycence ¶ In welth to beware yf I had had grace
Neuer had I bene brought in this case

Pouerte. ¶ Nowe syth it wyll no nother be

All that god sendeth take it in gre
For thoughe you were somtyme a noble estate
Nowe must you lerne to begge at euery mannes gate.

Magnyfycence ¶ Alasse that euer I sholde be so shamed
Alasse that euer I Magnyfycence was named
Alasse that euer I was so harde happed
In mysery and wretchydnesse thus to be lapped
Alasse that I coude not myselfe no better gyde
Alasse in my cradell that I had not dyde.

Pouerte. ¶ Ye syr ye / leue all this rage
And pray to god your sorowes to asswage
It is foly to grudge agaynst his dysytacyon.
With harte contryte make your supplycacyon.
Unto your maker that made bothe you and me
And whan it pleaseth god better may be

Magnyfycence ¶ Alasse I wote not what I sholde pray.

Pouerte. ¶ Remmbre you better syr beware what ye say
For drede ye dysplease the hygh deyte
Put your wyll to his wyll for surely it is he
That may restore you agayne to felycyte
And brynge you agayne out of aduersyte.
Therfore pouerte loke pacyently ye take.
And remembre he suffered moche more for your sake.
Howe be it of all synne he was innocent
And ye haue deserued this punysshment

Magnyfycence ¶ Alasse with colde my lymmes shall be marde

Pouerte. ¶ Ye syr nowe must ye lerne to lye harde.
That was wonte to lye on fetherbeddes of downe
Nowe must your fete lye hyer than your crowne.
Where you were wonte to haue cawdels for your hede
Nowe must you monche mamockes & lumpes of brede.
And where you had chaunges of ryche aray.
Nowe lap you in a couerlet full fayne that you may.
And where y^t ye were pomped w^t what that ye wolde
Nowe must ye suffre bothe hunger and colde.
With courtely sylkes ye were wonte to be drawe
Nowe must ye lerne to lye on the strawe
Your skynne that was wrapped in shertes of raynes
Nowe must ye be stormy beten w^t showres & raynes.
Your hede y^t was wonte to be happed moost drowpy & drowsy.
Now shal ye be scabbed scuruy & lowsy.

Magnyfycence ¶ Fye on this worlde full of trechery.
That euer noblenesse sholde lyue thus wretchydly.

Pouerte. ¶ Syr remembre the tourne of fortunes whele
That wantonly can wynke and wynche with her hele
Nowe she wyll laughe / forthwith she wyll frowne

Sodenly set vp and sodenly pluckyd downe
She dawnsyth varyaunce with mutabylyte
Nowe all in welth forthwith in pouerte
In her prompse there is no sykernesse
All her delyte is set in doublenesse

Magnyfycence pouerte

¶ Alas of fortune I may well complayne
¶ Ye syr yesterday wyll not be callyd agayne
But yet syr nowe in this case
Take it mekely and thanke god of his grace
For nowe go I wyll begge for you some mete
It is foly agaynst god for to plete
I wyll walke now with my beggers baggys
And happe you the whyles with these homly raggys

¶ Diffidendo dicat ista verba

A howe my lymmys be lyther and lame
Better it is to begge than to be hangyd with shame
Yet many had leuer hangyd to be
Then for to begge theyr mete for charyte
They thynke it no shame to robbe and stele
Yet were they better to begge a great dele
For by robbynge they rynne to / in manus tuas quecke
But beggynge is better medecyne for the necke
Ye mary is it / ye so mote I goo
A lorde god howe ye gowte wryngeth me by the too

¶ Here magnyfycence dolorously maketh his mone.

Magnyfycence

¶ O feble fortune / o doulfull destyny
O hatefull happe / o carefull cruelte
O syghynge sorowe / o thoughtfull mysere
O rydlesse rewthe / o paynfull pouerte
O dolorous herte / o harde aduersyte
O odyous dystresse / o dedly payne and woo
For worldly shame / I wax both wanne and bloo
Where is nowe my welth / and my noble estate
Where is nowe my treasure my landes and my rent
Where is nowe all my seruauntys y^t^ I had here a late
Where is nowe my golde vpon them that I spent
Where is nowe all my ryche abylement
Where is nowe my kynne my frendys & my noble blood
Where is nowe all my pleasure and my worldly good
Alasse my foly / alasse my wanton wyll
I may no more speke / tyll I haue wept my fyll

Lyberte.

¶ With ye mary syrs thus sholde it be
I kyst her swete / and she kyssyd me
I daunsed the darlynge on my kne
I garde her gaspe / I garde her gle

With daunce on the le the le
I bassed that baby with harte so free
She is the bote of all my bale
A / so that syghe was farre fet
To loue that louesome I wyll not let
My harte is holly on her set
I plucked her by the patlet
At my deuyse I with her met
My fansy fayrly on her I set
So merely syngeth the nyghtyngale.
In luste and lykynge my name is lyberte
I am desyred with hyghest and lowest degre
I lyue as me lyst I lepe out at large
Of erthely thynge I haue no care nor charge
I am presydent of prynces I prycke them with pryde.
What is he lyuynge that lyberte wolde lacke.
A thousande pounde with lyberte may holde no tacke.
At lyberte a man may be bolde for to brake
Welthe without lyberte gothe all to wrake.
But yet syrs hardely one thynge lerne of me
I warne you beware of to moche lyberte
For totum in toto is not worth an hawe
To hardy or to moche to free of the dawe
To sober to sad to subtell to wyse.
To mery to mad to gyglynge to nyse
To full of fansyes to lordly to prowde
To homly to holy to lewde and to lowde
To flatterynge to smatterynge to to out of harre
To clateryngе to chateryngе to shorte and to farre
To Jettynge to Jaggynge and to full of Japes
To mockynge to mowynge to lyke a Jackenapes.
Thus totum in toto groweth vp as ye may se
By meanes of madnesse and to moche lyberte
For I am a vertue yf I be well vsed
And I am a vyce where I am abused.

Magnyfycence A woo worthe the lyberte nowe thou sayst full trewe
That I vsed the to moche sore may I rewe

Lyberte. What a very vengeaunce I say / who is that
What brothell I say is yonder bounde in a mat

Magnyfycence I am Magnyfycence that somtyme thy mayster was

Lyberte. What is the worlde thus come to passe.
Cockes armes syrs wyll ye not se
Howe he is vndone by the meanes of me
For yf measure had ruled lyberte as he began
This lurden that here lyeth had ben a noble man.
But he abused so his free lyberte.

That nowe he hath loste all his felycyte
Not thorowe largesse of lyberall expence
But by the way of fansy insolence
For lyberalyte is most conuenient
A prynce to vse with all his hole intent
Largely rewardynge them that haue deseruyd
And so shall a noble man nobly be seruyd
But nowe adayes as huksters they hucke & they stycke
And pynche at the payment of a poddynge prycke
A laudable largesse J tell you for a lorde
To prate for the patchynge of a pot sharde
Spare for ye spence of a noble yt his honour myght saue
And spende. C. s. for the pleasure of a knaue
But so longe theyr rekyn with theyr reasons amysse
That they lose theyr lyberte and all that there is

Magnyfycence Lyberte

¶ Alasse that euer J occuppyed suche abusyon
¶ Ye for nowe it hath brought the to confusyon
For where J am occuppyed and vsyd wylfully
It can not contynew longe prosperyously
As euydently in retchlesse youth ye may se
How many come to myscheke for to moche lyberte
And some in the worlde theyr brayne is so ydyll
That they set theyr chyldren to rynne on the brydyll
Jn youth to be wanton and let them haue theyr wyll
& they neuer thryue in theyr age it shall not gretly skyll
Some fall to foly them selfe for to spyll
And some fall prechynge at the toure hyll
Some hath so moche lyberte of one thynge & other
That nother they set by father and mother
Some haue so moche lyberte that they fere no synne
Tyll as ye se many tymes they shame all theyr kynne
J am so lusty to loke on so freshe and so fre
That nonnes wyll leue theyr holynes and ryn after me
Freers with foly J make them so fayne
They cast vp theyr obedyence to cache me agayne
At lyberte to wander and walke ouer all
That lustely they lepe somtyme theyr cloyster wall
¶ Hic aliquis buccat in cornu a retro post populū.
Yonder is a horson for me doth rechate
Adewe syrs for J thynke leyst that J come to late

Magnyfycence

¶ O good lorde howe longe shall J indure
This mysery / this carefull wrechydnesse
Of worldly welthe alasse who can be sure
Jn fortunys frendshyppe there is no stedfastnesse
She hath dyssayuyd me with her doublenesse

For to be wyse all men may lerne of me.
In welthe to beware of herde aduersyte

¶ Here cometh in Crafty conueyaunce Cloked colusyō with a lusty laughter.

Crafty conuey. ¶ Ha ha ha for laughter I am lyke to brast
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Ha ha ha for sporte I am lyke to spewe and cast
Crafty conuey. ¶ What hast thou gotted in faythe to thy share
Clokyd colusyō ¶ In faythe of his cofers the bottoms are bare
Crafty conuey. ¶ As for his plate of syluer and suche trasshe
I waraunt you I haue gyuen it a lasshe
Clokyd colusyō ¶ What / then he may drynke out of a stone cruyse.
Crafty conuey. ¶ With ye syr by Jesu that slayne was with Jewes
He may rynse a pycher for his plate is to wed
Clokyd colusyō ¶ In faythe and he may dreme
On a dagge swane for ony fether bed.
Crafty conuey. ¶ By my trouthe ye haue ryfled hym metely well.
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Ye but thanke me therof euery dele
Crafty conuey. ¶ Thanke the therof in the deuyls date
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Leue thy pratynge or els I shall lay the on the pate.
Crafty conuey. ¶ Nay to wrangle I warant the it is but a stone caste
Clokyd colusyō ¶ By the messe I shall cleue thy heed to the waste
Crafty conuey. ¶ Ye wylte thou clenly clene me in the clyfte w^{t} thy nose
Clokyd colusyō ¶ I shall thrust in the my dagger
Crafty conuey. ¶ Thorowe the legge in to the hose
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Nay horson here is my gloue take it vp & thou dare.
Crafty conuey. ¶ Torde thou arte good to be a man of warre.
Clokyd colusyo ¶ I shall skelpe the on the skalpe / lo seest thou that.
Crafty conuey. ¶ What wylte thou skelpe me y^{u} dare not loke on a gnat
Clokyd colusyō ¶ By cockes bones I shall blysse the & thou be to bolde.
Crafty conuey. ¶ Nay then y^{u} wylte dynge ye deuyll & thou be not holde
Clokyd colusyō ¶ But wottest thou horson I rede the to be wyse
Crafty conuey. ¶ Nowe I rede the beware / I haue warned the twyse
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Why wenest thou y^{t} I forbere the for thyne owne sake
Crafty conuey. ¶ Peas or I shall wrynge thy be in a brake
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Holde thy hāde dawe of thy dagger & stynt of thy dyn
Or I shal fawchyn thy flesshe & scrape the on the skyn
Crafty conuey. ¶ Ye wylte thou hagman I say thou cauēll
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Nay thou rude rauener rayne beten Jauell
Crafty conuey. ¶ What thou colyn cowarde knowen and tryde
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Nay thou false harted dastarde thou dare not abyde.
Crafty conuey. ¶ And yf there were none to dysplease but thou and I
Thou sholde not scape horson but thou sholde dye.
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Nay iche shall wrynge the horson on the wryst.
Crafty conuey. ¶ Mary I defye thy best and thy worst

What a very vengeaunce nede all these wordys
Go together by the heddys and gyue me your swordys
Clokyd colosyō ¶ So he is the worste brawler that euer was borne
Crafty conuey. ¶ In fayth so to suffer the it is but a skorne
Coūterfet coū. ¶ Now let vs be all one and let vs lyue in rest
For we be syrs but a fewe of the best
Clokyd colusyō ¶ By the masse man thou shall fynde me resonable
Crafty conuey. ¶ In faythe and I wyll be to reason agreable
Coūterfet coū. ¶ Then truste I to god and the holy rode.
Here shalbe not great sheddynge of blode
Clokyd colusyō ¶ By our lakyn syr not by my wyll.
Crafty conuey. ¶ By the fayth that I owe to god and I wyll syt styll
Coūterfet coū. ¶ Well sayd / but in fayth what was your quarell
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Mary syr this gentylman called me Jauell
Crafty conuey. ¶ Nay by saynt Mary it was ye called me knaue
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Mary so vngoodly langage you me gaue
Coūterfet coū. ¶ A shall we haue more of this maters yet
Me thynke ye are not gretly acomberyd with wyt
Crafty conuey. ¶ Goddys fote I warant you I am a gentylman borne
And thus to be facyd I thynke it great skorne
Coūterfet coū. ¶ I can not well tell of your dysposycyons
And ye be a gentylman ye haue knauys condycyons
Clokyd colusyō ¶ By god I tell you I wyll not be out facyd
Crafty conuey. ¶ By the masse I warant the I wyll not be bracyd
Coūterfet coū. ¶ Tushe tushe it is a great defaute.
The one of you is to proude / the other is to haute
Tell me brefly where vpon ye began
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Mary syr he sayd that he was the pratyer man
Then I was in oppynynge of lockys
And I tell you I dysdayne moche of his mockys
Crafty conuey. ¶ Thou sawe neuer yet but I dyd my parte
The locke of a caskyt to make to starte
Coūterfet coū. ¶ Nay I know well Inough ye are bothe well hādyd
To grope a gardeuyaunce though it be well bandyd
Clokyd colysyō ¶ I am the better yet in a bowget
Crafty conuey. ¶ And I the better in a male
Coūterfet coū. ¶ Tushe these maters y^{t} ye moue are but soppys in ale
Your trymynge and tramynge by me must be tangyd
For had I not bene ye bothe had bene hangyd
When we w^{t} magnyfycence goodys made cheuysaunce
Magnyfycence ¶ And therfore our lorde sende you a very wengaunce
Coūterfet coū. ¶ What begger art thou y^{t} thus doth banne and wary
Magnyfycence ¶ Ye be the theuys I say / away my goodys dyd cary
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Cockys bonys thou begger what is thy name
Magnyfycence ¶ Magnyfycēce I was whō ye haue brought to shame

Coũterfet coũ. ¶ Ye but trowe you syrs that this is he
Crafty conuey. ¶ Go we nere and let vs se
Clokyd colusyõ ¶ By cockys bonys it is the same
Magnyfycence ¶ Alasse alasse syrs ye are to blame
I was your mayster though ye thynke it skorne
And nowe on me ye gaure and sporne
Coũterfet coũ. ¶ Ly styll ly styll nowe with yll hayle
Crafty conuey. ¶ Ye for thy langage can not the auayle
Clokyd colusyõ ¶ Abyde syr abyde I shall make hym to pysse
Magnyfycence ¶ Nowe gyue me somwhat for god sake I craue
Crafty conuey. ¶ In faythe I gyue the four quarters of a knaue
Coũterfet coũ. ¶ In faythe and I bequethe hym the tothe ake
Clokyd colusyõ ¶ And I bequethe hym the bone ake
Crafty conuey. ¶ And I bequethe hym the gowte and the gyn
Clokyd colusyõ ¶ And I bequethe hym sorowe for his syn
Coũterfet cou. ¶ And I gyue hym crystys curse / w^{t} neuer a peny in his
Crafty conuey. ¶ And I gyue hym ye cowghe ye murre & ye pose. (purse
Clokyd colusyõ ¶ Ye for requiem eternam groweth forth of his nose
But nowe let vs make mery and good chere
Coũterfet coũ. And to the tauerne let vs drawe nere
Crafty conuey. ¶ And from thens to the half strete
To get vs there some freshe mete
Clokyd colusyõ ¶ Why is there any store of rawe motton
Coũterfet coũ. ¶ Ye in faythe or ellys thou arte to great a glotton
Crafty conuey. ¶ But they say it is a queysy mete
It wyll stryke a man myscheuously in a hete
Clokyd colusyõ ¶ In fay man some rybbys of the motton be so ranke
That they wyll fyre one vngracyously in the flanke
Coũterfet coũ. ¶ Ye and when ye come out of the shoppe
Ye shall be clapppyd with a coloppe
That wyll make you to halt and to hoppe
Crafty conuey. ¶ Som be wrestyd there y^{t} they thynke on it froty dayes
For there be horys there at all assayes
Clokyd colusyõ ¶ For the passyon of god let vs go thyther
¶ Et cum festinacione discedant a loco.
Magnyfycence ¶ Alas myn owne seruaũtys to shewe me such reproche
Thus to rebuke me and haue me in dyspyght
So shamfully to me theyr mayster to aproche
That somtyme was a noble prynce of myght
Alasse to lyue longer I haue no delyght
For to lyue in mysery it is herder than dethe
I am wery of the worlde / for vnkyndnesse me sleeth

Dyspare.

¶ Hic intrat dyspare.
Dyspare is my name that aduersyte dothe felowe

In tyme of dystresse I am redy at hande
I make heuy hertes with eyen full holowe
Of faruent charyte I quenche out the bronde
Faythe and good hope I make asyde to stonde
In goddys mercy I tell them is but foly to truste
All grace and pyte I lay in the duste
What lyest thou there lyngrynge lewdly and lothsome
It is to late nowe thy synnys to repent
Yu hast bene so waywarde so wrāglyng & so wrothsome
And so fer thou arte behynde of thy rent
And so vngracyously thy dayes thou hast spent
That thou art not worthy to loke god in the face

Magnyfycence ¶ Nay nay man I loke neuer to haue parte of his grace
For I haue so vngracyously my lyfe mysusyd
Though I aske mercy I must nedys be refusyd

Dyspare. ¶ No no for thy synnys be so excedynge farre
So innumerable and so full of dyspyte
And agayne thy maker thou hast made suche warre
That thou canst not haue neuer mercy in his syght

Magnyfycence ¶ Alasse my wyckydnesse that may I wyte
But nowe I se well there is no better rede
But sygh and sorowe and wysshe my selfe dede

Dyspare. ¶ Ye ryd thy selfe rather than this lyfe for to lede
The worlde waxyth wery of the / thou lyuest to longe

¶ Hic intrat myschefe.

Myschefe. ¶ And I myschefe am comyn at nede
Out of thy lyfe the for to lede
And loke that it be not longe
Or that thy selfe thou go honge
With this halter good and stronge
Or ellys with this knyfe cut out a tonge
Of thy throte bole and ryd the out of payne
Thou arte not the fyrst hymselfe hath slayne
Lo here is thy knyfe and a halter and or we go ferther
Spare not thy selfe but boldly the murder

Dyspare. ¶ Ye haue done at ones without delay

Magnyfycence ¶ Shall I my selfe hange with an halter? nay
Nay rather wyll I chose to ryd me of this lyue
In stynkynge my selfe with this fayre knyfe

¶ Here magnyfycence wolde slee hymselfe with a knyfe.

Magnyfycence ¶ Alarum alarum to longe we abyde

Dyspayre. ¶ Out harowe hyll burneth where shall I me hyde.

¶ Hic intrat Goodhope fugientib⁹ dyspayre & myschefe repente good hope surripiat illi gladio & dicat.

¶ Good hope.

Alas dere sone sore combred is thy mynde
Thyselfe that thou wolde sloo agaynst nature & kynde.

Magnyfycence ¶ A blessyd may ye be syr / what shall I you call

Good hope. ¶ Good hope syr my name is remedy pryncypall
Agaynst all fautes of your goostly foo
Who knoweth me / hymselfe may neuer sloo

Magnyfycence ¶ Alas syr so I am lapped in aduersyte
That dyspayre well nyghe had myscheued me
For had ye not the soner ben my refuge
Of dampnacyon I had ben drawen in the luge.

Good hope ¶ Undoubted ye had lost yourselfe eternally
There is no man may synne more mortally.
Than of wanhope thrughe the vnhappy wayes
By myschefe to breuyate and shorten his dayes
But my good sonne lerne from dyspayre to flee.
Wynde you from wanhope and aquaynte you with me.
A grete mysaduenture thy maker to dysplease
Thyselfe myscheuynge to thyne endlesse dysease
There was neuer so harde a storme of mysery.
But thrughe good hope there may come remedy

Magnyfycence ¶ Your wordes be more sweter thā ony precyous narde
They molefy so easely my harte that was so harde.
There is no bawme ne gumme of arabe
More delectable than your langage to me

Good hope. ¶ Syr your fesycyan is the grace of god
That you hath punysshed with his sharpe rod.
Goodhope your potecary assygned am I
That goddes grace hath vexed you sharply
And payned you wyth a purgacyon of odyous pouerte
Myxed with bytter alowes of herde aduersyte
Nowe must I make you a lectuary softe.
I to mynyster it / you to receyue it ofte.
With rubarbe of repentaunce in you for to rest.
With drammes of deuocyon your dyet must be drest
With gommes goostly of glad herte and mynde.
To thanke god of his sonde and comforte ye shal fynde.
Put fro you presumpcyon and admyt humylyte
And hartely thanke god of your aduersyte
And loue that lorde that for your loue was dede.
Wounded from the fote to the crowne of the hede

For who loueth god can ayle nothynge but good
He may helpe you / he may mende your mode
Prosperyte to hym is gyuen solacyusly to man
Aduersyte to hym therwith nowe and than
Helthe of body his besynesse to acheue
Dysease and sekenesse his conscyence to dyscryue
Affliccyon & trouble to proue his pacyence
Contradyccyon to proue his sappyence
Grace of assystence his measure to declare
Somtyme to fall another tyme to beware
And nowe ye haue had syr a wonderous fall
To lerne you hereafter for to beware withall
Howe say you syr can ye these wordys grope.

Magnyfycence ℂ Ye syr nowe am I armyd with good hope
And sore I repent me of my wylfulnesse
I aske god mercy of my neglygence
Under good hope endurynge euer styll
Me humbly commyttynge vnto goddys wyll

Good hope. ℂ Then shall you be sone delyuered from dystresse
For nowe I se comynge to youwarde redresse

℄ Hic intrat Redresse.

Redresse. ℂ Cryst be amonge you and the holy goste

Good hope. ℂ He be your conducte the lorde of myghtys moste

Redresse. ℂ Syr is your pacyent any thynge amendyd

Good hope. ℂ Ye syr he is sory for that he hath offendyd

Redresse. ℂ How fele you your selfe my frend how is your mynde

Magnyfycence ℂ A wrechyd man syr to my maker vnkynde

Redresse. ℂ Ye but haue ye repentyd you with harte contryte

Magnyfycence ℂ Syr ye repentaunce I haue no man can wryte

Redresse. ℂ And haue ye banyshed from you all dyspare

Magnyfycence ℂ Ye holly to good hope I haue made my repare

Good hope. ℂ Questyonlesse he doth me assure
In good hope alway for to endure

Redresse. ℂ Then stande vp syr in goddys name
And I truste to ratyfye and amende your fame.
Good hope I pray you with harty affeccyon
To sende ouer to me sad cyrcumspeccyon

Good hope. ℂ Syr your requeste shall not be delayed. Et exiat.

Redresse. ℂ Now surely magnyfycence I am ryght well apayed
Of that I se you nowe in the state of grace
Nowe shall ye be renewyd with solace
Take nowe vpon you this abylyment
And to that I say gyue good aduysement

℄ Magnyfycence accipiat indumentum.

Magnyfycence ℂ To your requeste I shall be confyrmable

¶ Fyrst I saye with mynde fyrme and stable.
Determyne to amende all your wanton excesse
And be ruled by me whiche am called redresse
Redresse my name is that lytell am I vsed.
As the worlde requyreth but rather I am refused.
Redresse sholde be at the rekenynge in euery accompte
And specyally to redresse that were out of ioynte.
Full many thynges there be that lacketh redresse
The whiche were to longe nowe to expresse
But redresse is redlesse and may do no correccyon
Now welcome forsoth sad cyrcumspeccyon.

¶ Here cometh in sad cyrcumspeccyon sayenge.

¶ Sad cyrcumspeccyon.
Syr after your message I hyed me hyder streyght.
For to vnderstande your pleasure and also your mynde

Redresse. ¶ Syr to accompte you the contynewe of my consayte.
Is from aduersyte Magnyfycence to vnbynde

Cyrcumspeccyō ¶ How fortuned you magnyfycēce so far to fal behynde

Magnyfycence ¶ Syr the longe absence of you sad cyrcumspeccyon
Caused me of aduersyte to fall in subieccyon.

Redresse. ¶ All that he sayth of trouthe doth procede
For where sad cyrcumspeccyon is longe out of the way
Of aduersyte it is to stande in drede.

Cyrcumspeccyō ¶ Without fayle syr that is no nay.
Cyrcumspeccyon inhateth all rennynge a stray
But syr by me to rule fyrst ye began

Magnyfycence ¶ My wylfulnesse syr excuse I ne can

Cyrcumspeccyō ¶ Then ye repent you of foly in tymes past

Magnyfycence ¶ Sothely to repent me I haue grete cause
Howe be it from you I receyued a letter
Whiche conteyned in it a specyall clause.
That I sholde vse largesse

Cyrcumspeccyō ¶ Nay syr there a pause

Redresse. ¶ Yet let vs se this matter thorowly ingrosed

Magnyfycence ¶ Syr this letter ye sent to me at poūtes was enclosed

Cyr̄cumspeccyō ¶ Who brought you that letter / wote ye what he hyght.

Magnyfycence ¶ Largesse syr by his credence was his name

Cyrcumspeccyō ¶ This letter ye speke of neuer dyd I wryte

Redresse. ¶ To gyue so hasty credence ye were moche to blame

Magnyfycence ¶ Truth it is syr / for after he wrought me moch shame
And caused me also to vse to moche lyberte
And made also mesure to be put fro me.

Redresse ¶ Then welthe with you myght in no wyse abyde

Cyrcumspeccyō ¶ A ha fansy and foly met with you I trowe

Redresse ¶ It wolde be founde so yf it were well tryde

Magnyfycence ¶ Surely my welthe with them was ouer throw
Cyrcumspeccyō ¶ Remembre you therfore howe late ye were low
Redresse. ¶ Ye and beware of vnhappy abusyon
Cyrcumspeccyō ¶ And kepe you from coūterfaytynge of clokyd colusyō
Magnyfycence ¶ Syr in good hope I am to amende
Redresse. ¶ Use not then your coūtenaunce for to coūterfet
Cyrcumspeccyō ¶ And from crafters and hafters I you forfende
¶ Hic intrat perseueraunce.
Magnyfycence ¶ Well syr after your counsell my mynde I wyll set
Redresse ¶ What brother perceueraunce surely well met
Cyrcumspeccyō Ye com hether as well as can bethought
Perseueraunce ¶ I herde say yᵗ aduersyte wᵗ magnyfycence had fought
Magnyfycence ¶ Ye syr with aduersyte I haue bene veryd
But good hope and redresse hath mendyd myne estate
And sad cyrcumspeccyon to me they haue amoryd
Redresse. ¶ What this man hath sayd / perceyue ye his sentence
Magnyfycence ¶ Ye syr from hym my corage shall neuer flyt
Cyrcumspeccyō ¶ Accordynge to treuth they be well deuysyd
Magnyfycence ¶ Syrs I am agreed to abyde your ordenaunce
Faythfully assuraunce with good peraduertaunce
Perseueraunce ¶ Yf you be so myndyd we be ryght glad
Redresse. ¶ And ye shall haue more worshyp than euer ye had
Magnyfycence ¶ Well I perceyue in you there is moche sadnesse
Graunte of counsell prouydence and wyt
Your comfortable aduyse & wyt excedyth all gladnesse
But frendly I wyll refrayne you ferther or we flyt
Whereto were most metely my corage to knyt
Your myndys I beseche you here in to expresse
Commensynge this processe at mayster redresse
Redresse. ¶ Syth vnto me formest this processe is erectyd
Herein I wyll a forse me to shewe you my mynde
Fyrst from your magnyfycence syn must be abiectyd
In all your warkys more grace shall ye fynde
Be gentyll then of corage and lerne to be kynde
For of noblenesse the chefe poynt is to be lyberall
So that your largesse be not to prodygall
Cyrcumspeccyō ¶ Lyberte to a lorde belongyth of ryght
But wylfull waywardnesse muste walke out of yᵉ way
Mesure of your lustys must haue the ouer syght
And not all the nygarde nor the chyncherde to play
Let neuer negarshyp your noblenesse affray.
In your rewardys vse suche moderacyon
That nothynge be gyuen without consyderacyon
Perseueraunce ¶ To the increse of your honour then arme you wᵗ ryght
And fumously adresse you with magnanymyte
And euer let the drede of god be in your syght

And knowe your selfe mortall for all your dygnyte
Set not all your affyaunce in fortune full of gyle
Remember this lyfe lastyth but a whyle

Magnyfycence ¶ Redresse in my remẽbraunce your lesson shall rest
And sad cyrcumspeccyon I marke in my mynde
But perseueraunce me semyth your probleme was best
I shall it neuer forget nor leue it behynde
But hooly to perseueraunce my selfe I wyll bynde
Of that I haue mysdone to make a redresse
And with sad cyrcũspeccyon correcte my vantonnesse

Redresse. ¶ Unto this processe brefly compylyd
Comprehendyng the worlde casuall and transytory
Who lyst to consyder shall neuer be begylyd
Yf it be regystryd well in memory
A playne example of worldly vaynglory
Howe in this worlde there is no sekenesse
But fallyble flatery enmyxyd with bytternesse
Nowe well / nowe wo / nowe hy / nowe lawe degre
Nowe ryche / nowe pore / nowe hole / nowe in dysease
Nowe pleasure at large / Nowe in captyuyte
Nowe leue / nowe lothe / nowe please / nowe dysplease
Nowe ebbe / nowe flowe / nowe increase / now dyscrease
So in this worlde there is no sykernesse
But fallyble flatery enmyxyd with bytternesse

Cyrcumspeccyõ ¶ A myrrour inclerȳd is this interlude
This lyfe inconstant for to beholde and se
Sodenly auaũsyd / and sodenly subdude
Sodenly ryches / and sodenly pouerte
Sodenly comfort / and sodenly aduersyte
Sodenly thus fortune can bothe smyle and frowne
Sodenly set vp / and sodenly cast downe
Sodenly promotyd / and sodenly put backe
Sodenly cherysshyd / and sodẽly cast asyde
Sodenly cõmendyd / and sodenly fynde a lacke
Sodenly grauntyd / and sodenly denyed
Sodenly hyd / and sodenly spyed
Sodenly thus fortune can bothe smyle and frowne
Sodenly set vp and sodenly cast downe

Perseueraunce ¶ This treatyse deuysyd to make you dysporte
Shewyth nowe adayes howe the worlde comberyd is
To the pythe of the mater who lyst to resorte
To day it is well / to morowe it is all amysse
To day in delyte / to morowe bare of blysse
To day a lorde / to morowe ly in the duste
Thus in this worlde there is no erthly truste
To day fayre wether / to morowe a stormy rage

To day hote / to morowe outragyous colde
To day a yoman / to morowe made of page
To day in surety / to morowe bought and solde
To day maysterfest / to morowe he hath no holde
To day a man / to morowe he lyeth in the duste
Thus in this worlde there is no erthly truste

Magnyfycence ¶ This mater we haue mouyd you myrthys to make
Precely purposyd vnder pretence of play
Shewyth wysdom to them that wysdome can take
Howe sodenly worldly welth dothe dekay
How wysdom thorowe wantonnesse vanysshyth away
How none estate lyuynge of hymselfe can be sure
For the welthe of this worlde can not indure
Of the terestre rechery we fall in the flode
Beten with stormys of many a frowarde blast
Ensordyd with the wawys sauage and wode
Without our shyppe be sure it is lykely to brast
Yet of magnyfycence oft made is the mast
Thus none estate lyuynge of hym can be sure
For the welthe of this worlde can not indure

Redresse. ¶ Nowe semyth vs syttynge that ye then resorte
Home to your paleys with Joy and ryalte

Cyrcumspeccyō ¶ Where euery thyng is ordenyd after your noble porte
Perseueraunce ¶ There to indeuer withall felycyte
Magnyfycence ¶ I am content my frendys that it so be
Redresse ¶ And ye that haue harde this dysporte and game
Jhesus preserue you frome endlesse wo and shame

A M E N.

¶ These be the names of the players.

Felycyte.
Lyberte.
Measure.
Magnyfycence
Fansy.
Coūterfet coūte.
Crafty cōueyaūce.
Clokyd colusyon.
Courtly abusyon.
Foly.
Aduersyte.
Pouerte.
Dyspare.
Myschefe.
Good hope.
Redresse.
Cyrcūspeccyon
Perseueraūce.

¶ Cum priuilegio.

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MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

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